THE PROPERTY OF
WILLIAM BARNES;
Theatre.
BOSTON.

THE

ALCHYMIST.

A

COMEDY.

First Acted in the YEAR 1610,

BY THE

King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The AUTHOR, B. J.

——— petere inde coronam,
Unde priùs nulli velârint tempora Musæ. Lucret.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by the *Booksellers* in Town and Country.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Subtle, the *Alchymiſt.* —— Lowe.
Face, the *Houſe-Keeper.* —— Stamper.
Dol. Common, *their Colleague.* — Mr Mynitt.
Dapper, *a Clerk.*
Drugger, *a Tobacco-Man.* ——— Brown.
Love-wit, *Maſter of the Houſe.* — Layfield.
Epicure Mammon, *a Knight.* —— Lancashire.
Surley, *a Gameſter.* —— —— Holland.
Tribulation, *a Paſtor of* Amſterdam.
Ananias, *a Deacon there.* —— Mynitt.
Kaſtril, *the angry Boy.* —— Diggon.
Da. Pliant, *his Siſter, a Widow.* Mr Stamper.
Mob.

Neighbours, Officers, Mutes.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.	JOH. HEMMINGS.
JOH. LOWIN.	WILL. OSTLER.
HEN. CONDEL.	JOH. UNDERWOOD.
ALEX. COOKE.	NIC. TOOLY.
ROB. ARMIN.	WILL. EGLESTONE.

THE

William THE Barnes
ALCHYMIST.

The ARGUMENT.

T he Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
H is Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there;
E aſe him corrupted, and gave means to know.

A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
L eaving their narrow Practice, were become
C os'ners at large; and only wanting ſome
H ouſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a Share, and all begin to act,
M uch Company they draw, and much abuſe,
I n caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
S elling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
T ill it, and they, and all in Fume *are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

FOrtune, *that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours*
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place;
To th' Author Juſtice, to ourſelves but Grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cauſe we would make known,*
No Country's Mirth is better than our own:

No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, 'Squire, Impoſtor, many Perſons more,
Whoſe Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have ſtill been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of comic Writers. Tho' this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that ſhe breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholeſome Remedies are ſweet,
And in their working, Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will fit ſo nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural Follies, but ſo ſhown,
As even the Doers may ſee, and yet not own.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, Dol. Common. Diſcovered diſguiſe

BEliev't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worſt, I [illegible] thee.
Dol. Ha' your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for Love——

Fac. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you——*Sub.* What to do? lick Figs
Out at my——*Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your Sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll gum your Silks
With good Strong-water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear ſome body. *Fac.* Sirrah——*Sub.* I ſhall mar
All the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dare

Dare you do this?=*Sub.* Yes Faith, yes Faith.=*Fac.* Why, who
Am I, my Mungrel? who am I?=*Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourſelf——*Fac.* Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long paſs'd) the good,
Honeſt, Plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſter's Worſhip's Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations——*Fac.* Will you be ſo loud?
Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated Suburb-Captain.
Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's Memory,
All this I ſpeak of.=*Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well.=*Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-Corner*,
Taking your Meal of Steam in, from Cooks ſtalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn Noſe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns ſhot at th' *Artillery-Yard*.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your Voice a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghills, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloak,
That ſcarce would cover your ~~Nakedneſs~~ Shoulders—
Sub. So, Sir!
Fac. When all your *Alchymy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Mineruls*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I ga' you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Furnace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,

A Houſe to practiſe in—*Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?
Fac. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince.—*Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept Poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Butt'ry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole Beer to *Aqua vitæ* men,
The which, together with your *Chriſtmas* Vails
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,
And gave you Credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtreſs' Death has broke up Houſe.
Fac. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal.—*Sub.* No, you
Scarabe,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Fac. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Cloaths.
Thou Vermin, have I ta'en thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and wat'ring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace?*
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quinteſſence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philoſopher's Work?*
Put thee in Words and Faſhion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowſhips?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimenſions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horſe-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture elſe?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for Thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection?*
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt had no
Name——
Dol. Will you undo yourſelves with Civil War?

Sub.

Sub. Never been known, past *Equi clibanum*,
The Heat of Horse-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-house darker than deaf *John*'s; been lost
To all Mankind, but Laundresses and Tapsters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Fac. Sirrah———
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil ——
Fac. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, Collier,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me ——
Dol. (O, this I'll o'erthrow all.)
Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Paul*'s, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Dust, Scrapings,
Searching for things lost with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houses,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glass,
Told in red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worse than *Gamaliel Ratsey*'s. *Dol.* Are you sound?
Ha' you your Senses, Masters? *Fac.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,
Shall prove a true *Philosopher*'s *Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Rascal.
Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Prisons——*Dol.* Will you be
Your own Destructions, Gentlemen? Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.
Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purse.
Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet some Care of me, o' your Republick——
Fac. Away, Brach. I'll bring the Rogue within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: Ay and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Noose, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will you? [*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs.*

And you, Sir, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, yc a abominable pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo'have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen yourſelves?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in (*to Face*)
Within the *Statute?* Who ſhall take your Word?
A whoreſon, upſtart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friers* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! and you too (*to Subtle.*)
Will give the Cauſe, Forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite?* All things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you ſhould,
~~And loſe not the Beginning of a Term,~~
Or, by this Hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. = *Fac.* 'Tis his Fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And ſays, the Weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, ſo it does. = *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Suſtain our Parts? = *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your Part exceed To-day, I hope
Ours may To-morrow match it. = *Sub.* *Ay* they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Maſtiff! *Ay* and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. = *Sub.* *Dorothee*, Miſtreſs *Dorothee*, 'Ods

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Becauſe o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation?*
Sub. Not I, by Heaven———
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*——help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myſelf.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do ſo then, and quickly: ſwear.
Sub. What ſhall I ſwear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beſide.
I only us'd thoſe Speeches as a Spur
To him.—*Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Fac. 'Slid, prove To-day, who ſhall ſhark beſt.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work cloſe, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the ſtronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, ſo, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A ſort of ſober, ſcurvy, preciſe Neighbours,
(That ſcarce have ſmil'd twice ſin' the King came in):
A Feaſt of Laughter at our Follies? ~~Raſcals,~~
~~Would run themſelves from Breath,~~ to ſee me ride,
~~Or you t'have but a Hole to thruſt your Heads in,~~
~~For which you ſhould pay Ear-rent? No, agree.~~
~~And may *Don Propoſt* ride a feaſting long,~~
~~In his old Velvet Jerkin and ſtain'd Scarves,~~
~~(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)~~
~~E're we contribute a new crewel Garter~~
~~To his moſt worſted Worſhip.~~ *Sub.* Royal *Dol!*
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thyſelf.
Fac. For which, at Supper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtil'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Don Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.
Sub. Who's that? one ~~rings~~ knocks. To the Windo', *Dol.*
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague, he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſy at his Hop-yards now:

I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch Word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol?* = *Dol.* Oh his the Tobacco Boy.
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyer's Clerk, I lighted on laſt Night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To riſle with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who ſhall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? = *Fac.* Not be ſeen, away.
Seem you very reſerv'd? || Exit Face U.D.P.S.
Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid, but—

SCENE II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good Faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In a Truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad.
I had a ſcurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch laſt Night to one
That dines To-day at the Sheriff's, and ſo was robb'd
Of my Paſs-time? Is this the Cunning-man?
Fac. This is his Worſhip. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?
Fac. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?
Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay—*Dap.* Not ſo, good Captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould
you wiſh ſo?

I dare

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is such a thing——And then he says, *Read*'s Matter
Falling so lately——*Dap. Read?* He was an Ass,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.

Dap. A Clerk?

Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think—*Dap.* I should, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I shew'd the *Statute* to you? *Fac.* You did so.

Dap. And I will tell then? By this Hand of Flesh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiause?*

Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here——
As one would say, Do you think I am a *Turk?*

Fac. I'll tell the Doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet Captain.

Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail:
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiause.*

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Answer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love——But this
I neither may, nor can. *Fac.* Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiause:*
Let that, Sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear——*Fac.* He has
Four Angels here——*Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these Spirits?

Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I scarce can think you are my Friend,
That so would draw me to apparent Danger.

Fac. I draw you? a Horse draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together——*Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

Fac. That know no Difference of Men.

Sub. Good Words, Sir.

Fac. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
'Slight, I bring you.

No cheating *Clim' o the Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five-and-Fifty*, and *Fluſh*,
And ſpit out Secrets like hot Cuſtard——*Dap*. Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-ſcribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a ſpecial Genteel,
That is the Heir to forty Marks a Year,
Conſorts with the ſmall Poets of the time,
Is the ſole Hope of his old Grand-mother,
That knows the Law, and writes you ſix fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can court
His Miſtreſs out of *Ovid*. *Dap*. Nay, dear Captain.
Fac. Did you not tell me ſo? *Dap*. Yes, but I'ld ha' you
Uſe Maſter Doctor with ſome more Reſpect.
Fac. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet Head.
But for your Sake, I'ld choak, e're I would change
An Article of Breath with ſuch a Puckfoiſt——
Come, let's be gone. *Sub*. Pray you le' me ſpeak with you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain. *Fac*. I am ſorry
I e'er embarqu'd myſelf in ſuch a Buſineſs.
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Fac. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt, hear me——
Fac. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir——
Fac. Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit*.
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law. [*He takes Money*.
Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir——*Fac*. No Whiſpering.
Sub. 'Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do yourſelf in this. *Fac*. Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all? He'll

He'll win up all the Money i' the Town.
Fac. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.
If I do give him a *Familiar*,
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will have it. *Fac.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does aſk one but for Cups and Horſes,
A riſing *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars*.
Dap. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Twice in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights,
When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore—*Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Fac.* What! for that Money?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make the Requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Conſideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the Treaſure of the Realm,
If it be ſet him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. I, Sir, and Reaſon too, the Ground of Art.
He is o' the only beſt Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Fac.* What! is he!
Sub. Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, ſhould ſhe but ſee him—
Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Iſaac*,
You'd ſwear, were in him; ſuch a vigorous Luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed. *Fac.*

Fac. A ſtrange Succeſs, that ſome Men ſhall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, Man———

Dap. Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.

Fac. Faith, I have Confidence in his good Nature: You hear, he ſays he will not be ungrateful.

Sub. Why, as you pleaſe; my Venture follows yours.

Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truſty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win ſome five thouſand Pound, and ſend us two o' it.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you ſhall, Sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

Fac. Nothing? [Face *takes him aſide.*

Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.

Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor
Swears that you are———

Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

Fac. Allied to the Queen of *Fairy*.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no ſuch matter———*Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a Cawl o' your Head.

Dap. Who? ſays ſo? *Fac.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you diſſemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are miſtaken. *Fac.* How?

Swear by your Fac? and in a thing ſo known
Unto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or ſix thouſand Pound,
You'll ſend us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By *Jove*, Sir,
I'll win ten thouſand Pound, and ſend you half.
I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jeſt.

Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it ſo. *Dap.* I thank his Worſhip. *Fac.* So:

Another

Another Angel. *Dap.* Muſt I? *Fac.* Muſt you? 'Slight,
What elſe is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When muſt he come for his *Familiar?*
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good Sir!
There muſt a World of Ceremonies paſs,
You muſt be bath'd and fumigated firſt:
Beſides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not riſe
Till it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if ſhe danc'd, To-Night.
Sub. And ſhe muſt bleſs it. *Fac.* Did you never ſee
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of *Fairy?*
Sub. Not ſince ſhe kiſs'd him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can reſolve you that. *Fac.* Well, ſee her Grace,
Whate'er it coſt you, for a thing that I know.
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſs; but
However, ſee her. You are made, believe it,
If you can ſee her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if ſhe take a Phant'ſy,
She will do ſtrange things. See her, at any Hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leave you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctor's Fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But ſay to me, Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll ſee her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)
Sir, againſt one o'Clock prepare yourſelf:
Till when you muſt be faſting; only take
Three Drops of Vinegar in at your Noſe,
Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;
Then bathe your Fingers Ends, and waſh your Eyes,
To ſharpen your five Senſes, and cry *Hum*
Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.
Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your beſtowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Grace's Servants,

And

~~And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know~~
~~What Grace her Grace may do in clean Linnen.~~

SCENE III.

Enter ~~Subtle~~, *Drugger*, ~~Face~~. P. S.

Sub. Come in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth, I can do you no good till Afternoon.)
What is your Name, ſay you? *Abel Drugger?*
Dru. Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tobacco?—*Dru.* Yes, Sir.—*Sub.* Umh.
Free of the *Grocers?*—*Dru.* Ay an't pleaſe you.
Sub. Well——
Your Buſineſs, *Abel?* *Dru.* This, an't pleaſe your Worſhip;
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worſhip, juſt
At Corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't)
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worſhip,
Which way I ſhould make my Door, by *Necromancy*,
And where my Shelves; and which ſhould be for Boxes,
And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wiſh'd to your Worſhip by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face*, that ſays you know Mens *Planets*,
And their good *Angels*, and their bad.—*Sub.* I do,
If I do ſee 'em——*Fac.* What! my honeſt *Abel?*
Thou art well met here.—*Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was ſpeaking,
Juſt as your Worſhip came here, of your Worſhip.
I pray you ſpeak for me to Maſter Doctor.
Fac. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honeſt Fellow;
He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not
Sophiſticate it with Sack-lees or Oil,
Nor waſhes it in Muſcadel and Grains,
Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,

Enter Face P. S.

Wrapp'd

~~Wrapp'd up in greasy Leather, or piss'd Clouts~~:
But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that, open'd,
Smell like Conserve of Roses, or *French* Beans.
He has his maple Block, his silver Tongs,
Winchester Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
A neat, spruce, honest Fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Sub. H' is a fortunate Fellow, that I am sure on—

Fac. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel!*

Sub. And in right way toward Riches—

Fac. Sir.= *Sub.* This Summer
He will be of the Cloathing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; spend what he can.

Fac. What, and so little Beard? =*Sub.* You must think,
He may have a Receipt to make Hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his Youth, and fine for't;
His Fortune looks for him another way.

Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amus'd at that =*Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In *Metaposcopy*, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you see not.
Your Chesnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Does never fail: and your long Ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain Spots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.

Fac. Which Finger's that?=*Sub.* His little Finger. Look.
Yo' were born upon a *Wednesday?*

Dru. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sub. The Thumb in *Chiromancy*, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midst, to *Saturn*;
The ~~Ring~~ fourth, to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*: {takes off his Ring from Drugger.
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,
His *House of Life* being *Libra*; which foreshew'd
He should be a Merchant, and should trade with Ballance.

Fac. Why, this is strange? Is't not, honest *Nab?*

Drug. very strange!

Sub.

Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
That ſhall yield him ſuch a Commodity
Of Drugs——This is the Weſt, and this the South?
Dru. Yes, Sir.—*Sub.* And thoſe are your two Sides?
Dru. Ay Sir.
Sub. Make me your Door then South; your Broad-
ſide, Weſt:
And, on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*?
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the Names of thoſe *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flies from Boxes.—*Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your Threſhold, bury me a Loadſtone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The reſt,
They'll ſeem to follow.—*Fac.* That's a Secret, *Nab!*
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*ſucus* to call City-dames.
You ſhall deal much with *Minerals*.—*Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already——*Sub.* Ay I know, you have
Arſnike,
Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And give a Say (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the *Philoſopher's Stone*. (retires)
Fac. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true?—*Dru.*
Good Captain,
What muſt I give?—*Fac.* Nay, I'll not counſel thee;
Thou hear'ſt what Wealth (he ſays, ſpend what thou
canſt)
Th'art like to come to.—*Dru.* I would gi' him a
Crown.
Fac. A Crown! and toward ſuch a Fortune? Hear,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about
thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half
Year.
Fac. Out on thee, *Nab.* 'Slight, there was not ſuch
an Offer——

'Shalt

'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, ‡ *Nab* prays your Worſhip to drink this, and ſwears ‡ Subtle comes forward.—
He will appear more grateful, as your Skill
Does raiſe him in the World.=*Dru.* I would intreat
Another Favour of his Worſhip.=*Fac.* What is't, *Nab?*
Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſs out my ill Days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor truſt upon them.=*Fac.* That he ſhall, *Nab.*
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt Afternoon.
Sub. And a Direction for his Shelves.=*Fac.* Now, *Nab?*
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab?*=*Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips. Exit Drugger. P.S.
Fac. Away,
Why, now you ſmoaky Perſecuter of Nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſomething's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet, you think, I am at no expence,
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my Intelligence
Coſt me more Money, than my Share oft comes too,
In theſe rare Works.=*Sub.* You're pleaſant, Sir.
How now?

SCENE IV.

Enter ~~Face~~, *Dol*, ~~Subtle~~, U.D.P.S.

Fac. What ſays my dainty *Dolkin?*=*Dol.* Yonder Fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth.*=*Sub.* Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Through the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars.*
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon.*——*Sub.* Where?
Dol.

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him.—*Sub. Face*, go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too ——
Dol. Why, what's the Matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him
With the Sun's Riſing: 'Marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our *great Work*, the *Stone:*
And yield it, made into his Hands: of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Methinks I ſee him entring Ordinaries,
~~Diſpenſing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houſes,~~
Reaching his Doſe, walking *Moorfields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens Wives Pomander Bracelets,
As his Preſervative, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the Highways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd of her long Sleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,
In her beſt to love Mankind, ever could;
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter. Mammon, Surly. O.P.

COME on, Sir. Now, you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe*; here's the rich *Peru:*
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon*'s *Ophir!* He was ſailing to't,
Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich.*
This Day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi.*

You

You ſhall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
Or the frail Card. No more be at charge of keeping
The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that muſt
Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the Commodity. No more
Shall thirſt of Satten, or the covetous Hunger
Of Velvet Entrails, for a rude-ſpun Cloak,
To be diſplay'd at *Madam Auguſta*'s, make
The Sons of *Sword*, and *Hazard* fall before
The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
Or go a Feaſting, after Drum and Enſign.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart up young *Viceroys*,
And have your Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly*.
And unto thee, I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich*,
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within, ho! } *Within* } Sir. he'll come to you by & by.
He'll come to you, by and by.
Mam. That's his Fire-drake.
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
Till he firk Nature up, in her own Center.
You are not faithful, Sir. This Night, I'll change
All that is Metal, in thy Houſe, to Gold.
And, early in the Morning, will I ſend
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. = *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Devonſhire*, and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies!* You admire now?
Sur. No Faith. = *Mam.* But when you ſee the Effects
of the great Medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*,
Nay, to a thouſand, ſo *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me. = *Sur.* Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
But, if my Eyes do dozen me ſo (and I

Giving

~~Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have~~
~~A Whore, shall piss 'em out, next Day.~~ *Mam.* Ha?
Why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by its Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Respect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourscore, a Child.
Sur. No doubt, he's that already.—*Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Restore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philosophers* have done
(The ancient *Patriarchs* afore the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knife's Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Mustard of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The decay'd *Vestals* of ~~Pickt-hatch~~ Drury-Lane would thank you,
That keep the Fire alive, there.—*Mam.* 'Tis the Secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all Infections,
Cures all Diseases, coming of all Causes;
A Month's Grief in a Day; a Year's in twelve:
And, of what Age soever, in a Month.
Past all the Doses of your drugging Doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months.—*Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players shall sing your Praises, then,
Without their Poets.—*Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much unto my Man,
Shall serve th' whole City, with Preservative,
Weekly; each House his Dose, ~~and at the Rate——~~
~~*Sur.* As he, that built the Water work, does with Water~~?
~~*Mam.*~~ You are incredulous.—*Sur.* Faith I have a Humour,

would

I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me.—*Mam. Pertinax Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
Ay and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*.—*Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſopher's Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*?—*Mam.*
He did:
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue.—*Sur.*
What Paper?
Mam. On Cedar Board.—*Sur.* O that, indeed (they ſay)
Will laſt 'gainſt Worms.—*Mam.* 'Tis like your *Iriſh*
Wood,
'Gainſt Cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jaſon's* Fleece, too,
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchymy*.
Writ in large Sheep-ſkin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
~~Such was *Pythagoras's* Thigh, *Pandora's* Tub;~~
And, all that Fable of *Medea's* Charms,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,
Still breathing Fire: our *Argent vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragon's Teeth, *Mercury* Sublimate,
That keeps the Whiteneſs, Hardneſs, and the Biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jaſon's* Helm,
(Th' *Alembick*) and then ſow'd in *Mars's* Field,
And thence ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Heſperian* Garden, *Cadmus* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus'* Eyes,
Boccace's Demogorgon, thouſands ~~more,~~
~~All abſtract Riddles of our Stone.~~ How now?

SCENE II.

Enter ~~Mammon~~, *Face*, ~~Surly~~. P. S.

Mam. Do we ſucceed? Is our Day come? and holds it;
Fac. The Evening will ſet red upon you, Sir?
You have colour for it, Crimſon: the red *Ferment*

Has

Has done his Office, three Hours hence, prepare you
To ſee Projection.=*Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, *Be Rich*,
This Day, thou ſhalt have Ingots: and, To-morrow,
Give Lords th' affront, Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Bluſhes the *Bolt's-head.*=*Fac.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her Maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs!* My only Care is,
Where to get Stuff enough now, to project on,
This Town will not half ſerve me.=*Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches.=*Mam.* That's true.
Fac. Yes.
Let 'em ſtand bare, as do their Auditory?
Or cap 'em, new with Shingles.=*Mam.* No good Thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the Rafters, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
I will reſtore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Loſt in the Embers; and repair thy Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Metals.=*Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worſhip; thrown by many a Coal,
When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd thoſe I put in, juſt,
To keep your Heat ſtill even; theſe blear'd Eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral Colours, Sir:
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lion*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacock's Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcry'd the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni!*
Fac. Yes, Sir.=*Mam.* Where's Maſter?=*Fac.* At's Prayers, Sir, he,
Good Man, he's doing his Devotions,
For the Succeſs,=*Mam. Lungs*, I will ſet a Period
To all thy Labours: Thou ſhalt be the Maſter
Of my *Seraglio*.=~~*Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?~~
~~I'll gold you, *Lungs*.~~ *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean
To have a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: ~~and I will make me a Back~~
~~With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough~~

As

~~As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.~~
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it *Blood?* *Fac.* Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not ſtuff'd:
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval Room
Fill'd will ſuch Pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. ~~Then, my Glaſſes~~
~~Cut in more ſubtile Angles, to diſperſe,~~
~~And multiply the Figures, as I walk~~
~~Naked between my Succubæ.~~ My Miſts
I'll have of Perfume, vapour'd 'bout the Room,
To loſe ourſelves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in Goſſamour and Roſes.
(Is it arrived at *Ruby?*)——Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.

Fac. And I ſhall carry it? ~~*Mam.* No, I'll ha' no Bawds,~~
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtily of the *Fart*;
Whom I will entertain ſtill for that Subject.
The few that would give out themſelves, to be
Court and Town-ſtallions, and, each-where, belye
Ladies, who are known moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with Ten Oſtrich Tails
A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
~~We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.~~
My Meat ſhall all come in *Indian* Shells,
Diſhes of Agat ſet in Gold, and ſtudded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormice, and Camels Heels,
Boil'd i' the Spirit of *Sol*, and diſſolv'd Pearl,

(*Alpicius* Diet, 'gainſt the *Epilepſy*)
(And I will eat theſe Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamond, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-boy ſhall eat Pheaſants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lampreys: I myſelf will have
The Beards of Barbels ſerv'd, inſtead of Sallads;
~~Oil'd Muſhromes, and the ſwelling unctuous Paps~~
~~Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,~~
Dreſs'd with an exquiſite and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight.—*Fac.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens.—*Mam.* Do†My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft and light
As Cob-webs, and for all my other Raiment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the *Perſian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fiſhes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſtern Air——

† Exit Face. P.S.

Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone*, with this?

Mam. No, I do think t'have all this, with the *Stone*.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honeſt Wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Faſting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poiſon.

SCENE III.

Enter ~~*Mammon*~~, *Subtle*, ~~*Surly, Face.*~~ *U.D.P.S.*

Mam. Good Morrow, Father.—*Sub.* Gentle Son, good Morrow,
And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him.—*Sub.* Son, I doubt

Yo'are

Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your Time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your Day, at Morning,
This argues ſomething, worthy of a Fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite.
Take heed, do you not cauſe the Bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd Haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at Perfection,
Got by long Watching, and large Patience,
Not proſper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (Heaven I call to witneſs, with yourſelf,
To whom I have pour'd my Thoughts) in all my Ends,
Have look'd no Way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So great and catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret Way. = *Mam.* I know, Sir,
Mam. You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. = *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of Belief
Toward your *Stone:* would not be gull'd. = *Sub.* Well,
Son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The Work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe.*
We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple Soul,*
The *glorified Spirit.* Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it! ULEN SPIEGEL.
(*Within*) *Fac.* Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your Heat ſtill leſſen by Degrees,
To the *Aludels. Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolt's-head* yet? *Fac.* Which, on *D.* Sir?
Sub. Ay.
What's the Complexion? *Fac.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe
Vinegar,
To draw his *volatile Subſtance,* and his *Tincture:*
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be *feltred,*
And put into the *Gripe's Egg,* Lute him well;

And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Fac.* I will, Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting?
Sub. I have another Work, you never saw, Son,
That three Days since pass'd the *Philosopher's Wheel*,
In the lent Heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature.—*Mam.* But 'tis for me?—*Sub.* What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect.—*Mam.* O, but——
Sub. Why, this is covetous!—*Mam.* No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious Uses,
Founding of Colleges and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hospitals,
And now, and then, a Church.—*Sub.* How now?
Fac. Sir, please you, {Enter Face L.S.
Shall not I change the *Feltre*?—*Sub.* Marry, yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glass B.* {Exit Face. L.S.
—*Mam.* Ha' you another?—*Sub.* Yes, Son, were I assur'd
Your Piety were firm, we would not want
The Means to glorify it. But I hope the best:
I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-heat*, To-morrow,
And give him *Imbibition*.—*Mam.* Of white Oil?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the *Helm* too,
~~I thank my Maker in St. Mary's Bath~~,
And shews *Lac Virginis*. Blessed be Heaven!
I sent you of his *fæces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I' ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.
Mam. By pouring on your *rectified Water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*. {Enter Face
How now? What Colour says it?—*Fac.* The Ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crow's head*?
Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No' 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.
That Work wants something.—*Sur.* (O, I look'd for this. (aside
The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you sure, you loos'd 'em I' their

I' their own *Menſtrue?*—*Fac.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em
And put them in a *Bolt's head*, nipp'd to *Digeſtion*,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame Heat.—*Sub.* The Proceſs, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the Token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſav'd was put into the *Pellicane*,
And ſign'd with *Hermes'* Seal.—*Sub.* I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur.* O, this Ferret (aside)
Is rank as any Pole-cat.)—*Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en die; we have enough beſide,
In *Embrion*; H. has his white *Shirt* on?—*Fac.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for *Inceration*: He ſtands warm,
In his *Ash Fire*.—I would not, you ſhould let
Any die now, if I might counſel, Sir, (aside to Mammon
For Luck's ſake to the reſt. It is not good.)
Mam. He ſays right.—*Sur.* Ay are you bolted?
Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I' have ſeen th' ill Fortune; What is ſome three (to Mam
Ounces
Of freſh *Materials*?—*Mam.* Is't no more?—*Fac.* No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t' *amalgame*, with ſome ſix of *Mercury*.
Mam. Away, here's Money; What will ſerve?
Fac. Ask him, Sir.
Mam. How much?—*Sub.* Give him Nine Pound: you may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozen'd, do.—*Mam.* There 'tis.
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it ſo.
To ſee Concluſions of all, for two
Of our inferior Works are at *Fixation*.
A third is in *Aſcenſion*. Go your ways.
Ha' you ſet the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philoſophers* Vinegar?
Fac. Ay.

Sur. We ſhall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection?* Exit Face P.S.

Sub. Son, be not haſty, I *exalt* our *Medicine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoſo*,
And giving him Solution; then *congeal* him;
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Vertue.
As, if at firſt one Ounce convert a hundred,
After his ſecond Loose, he'll turn a thouſand;
His third Solution, ten; his fourth a hundred.
After his fifth, a thouſand thouſand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here againſt Afternoon,
Your Braſs, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mam. Not thoſe of Iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that. (aside)

Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?

Sub. Yes, and your Racks.

Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. *Sur.* To be an Aſs.

Sub. How, Sir!

Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal:
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir;
But much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull myſelf.

Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd Sir, in our Art,
Seems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?

Sub. Why I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Egg's ordained by Nature to that End,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.

Sub.

Sub. The ſame we ſay of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had Time. — *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. — *Sub.* Ay, for 'twere abſurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the Inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote Matter. — *Sur.* Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we ſay —— *Mam.* Ay, now it heats: ſtand Father,
Pound him to Duſt —— *Sub.* It is, of the one part,
A humid Exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *unctuous Water*;
On the other part, a certain craſs and viſcous
Portion of Earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the Elementary Matter of Gold:
Which is not yet *propria materia*.
But common to all Metals, and all Stones.
For, where it is forſaken of that Moiſture,
And hath more Drineſs, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retains more of the humid Fatneſs,
It turns to *Sulphur*, or *Quick-ſilver*,
Who are the Parents of all other Metals.
~~For can this remote Matter ſuddenly~~
Progreſs ſo from Extreme unto Extreme
As to grow Gold, and leap o'er all the Means.
Nature doth firſt beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds ſhe to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily Water, *Mercury* is engender'd;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthly part; the one
(Which is the laſt (ſupplying the place of Male,
The other of Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe that *Hermaphrodeity*,
That both do act and ſuffer. But theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, malleable, extenſive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;
And can produce the *Species* of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily Practice,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Waſps,

Out of the Carcasses and Dung of Creatures;
Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
And there are living Creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* Well said, *Father!*
Nay, if he take you in Hand, Sir, with an *Argument*,
He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll believe
That *Alchymy* is a pretty kind of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a Man
With charming. *Sub.* Sir?
Sur. What else are all your Terms,
Whereon no one o' your Writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac Virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Medicine*, and your *Chrysosperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marchesite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magnesia*,
Your *Toad*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
And then your *Red-Man*, and your *White-Woman*,
With all your *Broths*, your *Menstrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piss* and *Egg-shells*, *Womens Terms*, *Man's Blood*,
Hair o'th' Head, burnt *Clouts*, *Chalk*, *Merds*, and *Clay*,
Powder of Bones, *Scalings of Iron*, *Glass*,
And Worlds of other strange *Ingredients*,
Would burst a Man to name? *Sub.* And *all these*, *nam'd*,
Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
Us'd to obscure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple Idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the *Knowledge*
Of the *Egyptians* writ in mystic *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*;
Are not the choicest *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the *Fountains* and first *Springs of Wisdom*,
Wrapp'd in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that *Sysiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless Stone, only because
He would have ours common. Who is this?
God's precious--What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
[*Doll is seen.*

~~Let me intreat you.~~ Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you uſe me thus?
Fac. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and ſee, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.
Mam. What's the Matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd? Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have ſtill had, Sir, their *Adverſaries*;
But ours the *moſt ignorant*. What now. [Face *returns*
Fac. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak:
with you.
Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. = *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! Pray thee ſtay.
Fac. She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither———
Mam. Stay, Man, what is ſhe! = *Fac.* A Lord's Siſter,
Sir.
(He'll be mad too. = *Mam.* I warrant thee.)
Why ſent hither?
Fac. Sir, to be cur'd. = *Sub.* Why Raſcal? (within)
Fac. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too ſcrupulous that way. It is his Vice.
No, he's a rare Phyſician, do him Right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cure with *Mineral Phyſick*. ~~He deals all~~
~~With Spirits, he. He will not hear a Word~~
~~Of Galen or his tedious Recipe's.~~
How now, *Lungs!*
Fac. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your Worſhip all. This muſt not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.
Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare *Scholar*
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Broughton's Works*.
If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have Conference with her *Lungs?*
Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the Conference,
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon.*
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen*,
One Word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good Faith.
Mam. Stay, Knave.
Fac. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her Fit?
Fac. O, the moſt affableſt Creature, Sir! ſo merry!
~~So pleaſant; ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver*,~~
~~*Over the Helm*; and *circulate*; like *Oil*,~~
~~A very *Vegetal*, Diſcourſe of *State*,~~
~~Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing~~
Mam. Is ſhe no ways acceſſible? no Means,
No Trick to give a Man a Taſte of her —— Wit ——
Or ſo? *Fac.* I'll come to you again, Sir. *Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think, one o' your Breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of Worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,
Your Friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I donot like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
~~Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,~~
~~Without this Bait~~. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe yourſelf.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Diſaſter. Her Brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you never ſaw her
Till now? *Mam.* O, yes but I forgot, I have (believe it)
One of the treacherouſeſt Memories, I do think,
Of all Mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?
Mam. My Lord ——
He wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O my Faith ——

Sur.

Sur. Tut, If you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next.—*Mam.* Nay, by this Hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble Friend,
And I reſpect his Houſe.—*Sur.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard Means
To gull himſelf? And this be your *Elixir*,
~~Your *Lapis mineralis*, and your *Lunary*,~~
~~Give me your honeſt Trick, yet, at *Primero*,~~
~~Or *Gleek*; and take your *Indum ſapientiæ*.~~
~~Your *menſtruum ſimplex*.~~ I have Gold before you,
~~And with leſs Danger of the *Quick ſilver*,~~
~~Or the hot *Sulphur*.~~ —*Enter Face.*
Fac. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir? [*To* Surly.
Deſires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half Hour hence, and upon earneſt Buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us now and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
Again within two Hours, you ſhall have
My Maſter buſy examining o' the Works;
And I will ſteal you unto the Party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay, (*to Sur.*)
You'll meet the Captain's Worſhip?—*Sur.* I will.
But, by Attorney, and to a ſecond Purpoſe.
Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
~~I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me~~,
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
I' theſe Commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
~~He is the *Viſtor*, and does appoint,~~
~~Who lies with whom, and at what Hour; what Price;~~
~~Which Gown; and in what Smock; what Fall; what~~
~~Tire.~~
Him will I prove, by a third Perſon to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor Friend Leave, tho' no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.

Face

Fac. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you?
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight. *Exit Surly.* O.
Fac. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid Suſpicion,
This Gent'man has a par'lous Head.
Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be conſtant to thy Promiſe? *Fac.* As my Life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe me? (*Fac.*)
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow? O what elſe, Sir.
And that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and yourſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Fac. Will I, Sir? *Mam.* *Lungs*, my *Lungs!*
I love thee. *Fac.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Maſter
May buſy himſelf about Projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue? Take, go.
Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain——I will ſend my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou doſt not care for me. *Fac* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good Weaſel,
Set thee on a Bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the beſt Lord's Vermin of 'em all. *Fac.* Away, Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine*.——
Fac. Good, Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faſter.
Exit O.

SCENE IV.

Enter Subtle, Face, Dol. P. S.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?
Fac. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' given him Line, and now he plays, y Faith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?
Fac. Thorow both the Gills.

A.

A Wench is a rare Bait, with which a Man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight ~~is~~ mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord *Wha'ts'hum*'s Siſter, you muſt now
Bear yourſelf STATELICH. *Dol.* O let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my Diſtance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the Tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her Woman. *Fac.* Well ſaid, *Sanguine*.
Sub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
Fac. His Jack too;
And's Iron Shoing-horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. Well,
I muſt not loſe my wary Gameſter, yonder.
Sub. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Fac. Ay if I can ſtrike a fine Hook into him, now,
The *Temple*-Church; there I have caſt mine Angle.
Well, pray for me, I'll about it.
Sub. What more Gudgeons? [*One knocks.*
Dol, ſcout, ſcout; ſtay, *Face*, you muſt go to the Door.
'Pray God it be my *Anabaptiſts*. Who is't, *Dol*?
Dol. I know him not. He looks like a Goldend-man.
Sub. God's ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deal
For *Mammon*'s Jack and Andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, firſt with my Gown, away
Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now;
In a new Tune, new Geſture, but old Language,
This Fellow is ſent from one negotiates with me
About the *Stone* too; for the *holy Bretheren*,
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope
To raiſe their *Diſcipline* by it. I muſt uſe him
In ſome ſtrange Faſhion, now to make him admire me.

SCENE V.

Enter ~~Subtle, Face~~, *Ananias*.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? *Fac.* Sir.
Sub Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectify your *Menſtrue* from the *Phlegma*.

Then

Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together.=*Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And ſave the Ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Muſt not have Entrance in the *Work*. Who are you?
Ana. A *faithful Brother*, if it pleaſe you.
Sub. What's that?
A *Lullianiſt*? a *Ripley*? *Filius Artis*?
Can you *ſublime* and *dulcify*? *calcine*?
Know you the *Sapor Pontic*? *Sapor Styptic*?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?
Ana. I underſtand no *Heathen* Language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper-Doling*? Is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chryſopeia*, or *Spagyrica*,
Or the *Pamphyſick*, or *Panarchick* Knowledge,
A *Heathen* Language?=*Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*?
Ana. All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.
Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeak
to him,
Like a *Philoſopher*: Anſwer i' the Language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the Work.=*Fac.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation.=*Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you now?
And when comes *Vivification*?=*Fac.* After *Mortifi-*
cation.
Sub. What's *Cohobation*?=*Fac.* 'Tis the pouring
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Spheres*.
Sub. What's the proper Paſſion of Metals?
Fac. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum ſupplicium auri*?
Fac. Antimonium.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your
Mercury?
Fac. A very Fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.
Sub. How know you him?=*Fac.* By his *Viſcoſity*,
His *Oleoſity*, and his *Suſcitability*.
Sub. How do you *ſublime* him?

Fac. With the *calce* of Egg-ſhells,
White Marble, *Chalk.* = *Sub.* Your *Magiſterium*, now?
What's that? = *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into dry.

Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you ſtill?
Your *Lapis Philoſophicus?* = *Fac.* 'Tis a *Stone* and not
A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:
Which if you do *diſſolve*, it is *diſſolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth.* = *Sub.* Enough,
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?

Ana. Pleaſe you a Servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a juſt Account unto the *Saints*
A *Deacon.* = *Sub.* O, your are ſent from Maſter *Wholſome*,
Your *Teacher?* = *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous *Paſtor.* = *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.

Ana. Of what Kind, Sir?

Sub. Pewter, and Braſs, Andirons, and Kitchin-ware,
Metals, that we muſt uſe our Med'cine on;
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a Penn'orth,
For ready Money. = *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Profeſſors?

Sub. Why do you ask? = *Ana.* Becauſe
We then are to deal juſtly, and give (in Truth)
Their utmoſt Value. = *Sub.* 'Slid, you, you'ld cozen elſe,
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful*?
I will not truſt you, now I think on't,
'Till I ha' talk'd with your *Paſtor*. Ha' you brought Money
To buy more Coals?

Ana. No ſurely. = *Sub.* No? How ſo?

Ana. The *Brethren* bid me ſay to you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may ſee *Projection*.

Sub. How! = *Ana.* You 'have had,
For the Inſtruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glaſſes,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: And they have heard ſince, That

That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a small Paper of Pin-dust.
Sub. What's your Name?
Ana. My Name is *Ananias*.
Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the *Apostles!* Hence, away,
Flee *Mischief*; had your *holy Consistory*
No Name to send me of another Sound,
Than wicked *Ananias?* send your *Elders*
Hither, to make Atonement ~~for you, quickly~~,
~~And gi' me Satisfaction~~; or out goes
The Fire: and down th' *Alembecks*, and the Furnace.
~~*Biger Hennius*, or what not. Thou Wretch,~~
~~Both *Sericon* and *Bufo* shall be lost.~~
~~Tell em. All Hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,~~
~~Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,~~
If they stay threescore Minutes, ~~The *Aqueity*,~~
~~*Terreity*, and *Sulphureity*~~
~~Shall run together again, and~~ all ~~be annull'd~~ shall perish,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. ‡ This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A Man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an Appetite.

‡ Exit Ananias. P.S.

SCENE VI.

Enter *Face*, ~~*Subtle*~~ & *Drugger*. P.S.

Fac. H'is busy with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! What Mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another Piece of Gold to look on:
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise (what is it? *Nab*?) = *Dru.* A Sign, Sir.
Fac. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving Sign, Doctor.
Sub. I was devising now.
Fac. (Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?
The *Balance?*

Sub.

Sub. No, that Way is ſtale, and common.
A Townſman, born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bull's-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor Device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in ſome myſtic Character; whoſe *Radii*,
Striking the Senſes of the Paſſers by,
Shall, by a virtual Influence, breed Affections,
That may reſult upon the Party owns it:
As thus——*Fac. Nab!*
Sub. He ſhall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it ſtanding one whoſe Name is *Dee*;
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug!*
And right anenſt him a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger, Abel Drugger.* That's his Sign.
And here's now *Myſtery*, and *Hieroglyphic!*
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dru. I do thank his Worſhip.
Fac. Six o'thy Legs more will not do it, *Nab.*
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.
Dru. Yes, Sir: —(Gives Subtle a Pipe who retires)
I have another thing I would impart——
Fac. Out with it, *Nab.*
Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young Widow——*Fac.* Good? a *bona roba!*
Dru. But Nineteen at the moſt.
Fac. Very good. *Abel.*
Dru. Marry, ſh'is not in Faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A Hood; but 't ſtands acop. *Fac.* No Matter, *Abel.*
Dru. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——
Fac. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab.*
~~*Sub.* I did tell you, Captain~~
Dru. And Phyſick too ſometimes, Sir: for which ſhe truſts me
With all her Mind. She's come up here of Purpoſe
To learn the Faſhion.
Fac. Good (his Maſter too!) on, *Nab.*
Dru. And ſhe do's ſtrangely long to know her Fortune.
Fac. God's Lid, *Nab*, ſend her to the Doctor hither.
Dru. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his Worſhip already:

But

But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage.=*Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the Way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought: *Nab*, thou ſhalt tell her this;
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Widows
Are ne'er of any Price till they be famous;
Their Honour is the Multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good Fortune, What?
Thou doſt not know.=*Dru.* No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.
Fac. What, and doſt thou deſpair, my little *Nab*.
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the City dubb'd?
One Glaſs o' thy Water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?
Dru. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in his Land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern
His Siſter here; and is a Man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a Year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again and die i' the Country.
Fac. How! to quarrel?
Dru. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,
As Gallants, do, to manage 'em by Line.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab!* The Doctor is the only Man
In *Chriſtendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Inſtrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Siſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſuade. Go to.
'Shat give his Worſhip a new Damask Suit
Upon the Premiſſes. (comes forward)
Sub. O, good Captain.=*Fac.* He ſhall,
He is the honeſteſt Fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No Offers, bring the Damask and the Parties.
Dru. I'll try my Power, Sir.

Fac. And thy Will too, *Nab.*
Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't an Ounce?
Fac. He'll ſend you a Pound, Doctor.
Sub. O, no.— *Fac.* He will do't.
It is the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.) Exit Drugger.
A miſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
And has the Worms, That was the Cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Fac. A Wife, a Wife for one on'us, my dear *Subtle:*
We'll e'en draw Lots, and he that fails, ſhall have
The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.
Sub. Rather the leſs. For ſhe may be ſo light.
She may want Grains.
Fac. Ay, or be ſuch a Burden,
A Man would ſcarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But *Dol* muſt ha' no Breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it. Exeunt. Face P.S. Subtle O.P.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Street.

Enter *Tribulation*, *Ananias*. O.P.

Tri. THESE Chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch Rebukes we of the *Separation*
Muſt bear, with willing Shoulders, as the Trials
Sent forth to tempt our Frailties.
Ana. In pure Zeal
I do not like the Man. He is a *Heathen*,
And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane Perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears

The

The visible Mark of the Beast in his Fore-head,
And for his *Stone*, it is a Work of Darkness,
And with *Philosophy* blinds the Eyes of Man.
Tri. Good *Brother*, we must bend unto all Means
That may give Furtherance to the *holy Cause*.
Ana. Which his cannot: The *sanctified Cause*
Should have a *sanctified Course*.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Instruments even of the greatest Works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to Man's Nature,
The Place he lives in, still about the Fire,
And Fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The Brain of Man, and make him prone to Passion.
Where have you greater *Atheists* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glass-
More *Antichristian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil so dull-ish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the Fire, and boiling
Brimstone and *Arsnick?* We must give, I say,
Unto the Motives, and the Stirrers up
Of Humours in the Blood. It may be so.
When as the Work is done, the *Stone* is made,
This Heat of his may turn into a Zeal,
And stand up for the beautious Discipline,
Against the menstruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
We must await his Calling, and the Coming
Of the good Spirit. You did Fault, t' upbraid him
With the *Brethrens* Blessing of *Heidelberg*, weigh
What Need we have to hasten on the Work,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosopher's Stone*.
And so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Medicine for the civil Magistrate,
T' incline him to a Feeling of the Cause,
And must be daily us'd in the Disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not since the beautiful Light first shone on me:

d I am ſad my Zeal hath ſo offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The Motion's good.
d of the Spirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.

Exeunt P.S.

SCENE II,

Enter Subtle, Tribul. & Anan.

Sub. O' are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore Minutes
ere at laſt thread, you ſee; and down had gone
Turris circulatorius:
mbek, *Bolts-head*, *Retort*, and *Pellicane*
ad All been Cinders.—Wicked *Ananias!*
t thou return'd? Nay then; it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeaſed, he is come to humble
imſelf in Spirit, and to ask your Patience,
too much Zeal hath carried him aſide
om the due Path.—*Sub.* Why, this doth qualify!
Tri. The *Brethren* had no Purpoſe, verily,
o give you the leaſt Grievance: but are ready
o lend their willing Hands to any Project
he Spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
what is needful elſe to the holy Work,
ſhall be number'd; here, by me, the *Saints*
hrow down their Purſe before you.
Sub. This qualifies moſt!
hy, thus it ſhould be, now you underſtand.
ave I diſcourſed ſo unto you of our *Stone*,
nd of the Good that it ſhall bring your Cauſe?
ew'd you (beſide the main of hiring Forces,
toad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,
om th' *Indies*, to ſerve you with all their Fleet)
at even the med'cinal Uſe ſhould make you a Faction,
nd Party in the Realm? As put the Caſe,
hat ſome great Man in State, he have the Gout,
hy, you but ſend three Drops of your *Elixir*,
ou help him ſtraight: there you have made a Friend.

Another

Another has the Palſy, or the Dropſy,
He takes of your incombuſtible Stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a Friend.
A Lady that is paſt the Feat of Body,
Tho' not of Mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all Cure of Paintings, you reſtore
With the Oil of *Talck*: there you have made a Friend,
And all her Friends. A Lord that is a *Leper*,
A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'em ſmooth and ſound
With a bare *Fricace* of your Med'cine: ſtill
You increaſe your Friends.
Tri. Ay 'tis very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Chriſtmas*——
Ana. Chriſt-tide, I pray you.
Sub. Yet *Ananias?*
Ana. I have done.—*Sub.* Or changing
His Parcel gilt to maſſy Gold. You cannot
But raiſe your Friends. Withal, to be of Power
To pay an Army in the Field, to buy
The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
Out of the *Indies*. What can you not do
Againſt Lords ſpiritual and temporal,
That ſhall oppone you?—*Tri.* Verily 'tis true.
We may be temporal Lords ourſelves, I take it.
Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded Exerciſes, or ſuck up
Your ha, and hum, in a Tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced in a State,
May for their Ends, be adverſe in Religion,
And get a Tune to call the Flock together:
For (to ſay Sooth) a Tune does much with Women,
And other phlegmatic People, it is your Bell.
Ana. Bells are prophane: a Tune may be religious.
Sub. No Warning with you? Then farewel my Patience.
'Slight, it ſhall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.
Tri. I pray you, Sir.
Sub. All ſhall periſh. I have ſpoke it.

Tri. Let me find Grace, Sir, in your Eyes; the Man
He ſtands corrected: neither did his Zeal
(But as yourſelf) allow a Tune ſomewhere;
Which now being to'ard the Stone, we ſhall not need.
Sub. No, nor your Holy Vizard, to win Widows
To give you Legacies; or make zealous Wives,
To rob their Husbands for the *Common Cauſe:*
Nor take the ſtart of Bonds broke but one Day,
And ſay, *they were forfeited by Providence.*
Nor ſhall you need o'er Night to eat huge Meals,
To celebrate your next Day's Faſt the better:
The whilſt the *Brethren* and the *Siſters* humbled,
Abate the Stiffneſs of the Fleſh. Nor caſt
Before your hungry Hearers ſcrupulous Bones;
As whether a Chriſtian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether *Matrons of the Holy Aſſembly*
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublet;
Or have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.
Ana. It is indeed an Idol.
Tri. Mind him not, Sir.
I do command thee, Spirit (of Zeal, but Trouble)
To Peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.
Sub. Nor ſhall you need to libel 'gainſt the *Prelates*,
And ſhorten ſo your Ears againſt the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of neceſſity
Rail againſt Plays, to pleaſe the Alderman,
Whoſe daily Cuſtard you devour. Nor lye
With zealous Rage till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular Arts. Nor call yourſelves
By Names of *Tribulation*, *Perſecution*,
Reſtraint, *Long-Patience*, and ſuch like affected
By the whole Family, or Wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the *Diſciple*. *Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the *Godly Brethren* have invented
For Propagation of the *Glorious Cauſe*,
As very notable Means, and whereby alſo
Themſelves grow ſoon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O but the *Stone*, all's idle to the nothing!
The Art of Angels, Nature's Miracle,

The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*; and whoſe Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits.
Ana. I hate *Traditions:*
I do not truſt them——*Tri.* Peace——
Ana. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not Peace. I will not——*Tri. Ananias*——
Ana. Pleaſe the Prophane, to grieve the Godly, I may not,
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou ſhalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, elſe, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher; and a Man, by Revelation,
That hath a competent Knowledge of the Truth.
Sub. Has he a competent Sum there i'the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And muſt, for Charity and Conſcience Sake,
Now ſee the moſt be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho' I deſire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers,
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em.
And ta'en the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Caſt on the *Med'cine*, ſo much Silver as there is
Tin there, ſo much Gold as Braſs,
I'll gi' it you in by Weight.——*Tri.* But how long Time,
Sir, muſt the *Saints* expect yet?——*Sub.* Let me ſee,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten Days hence,
He will be *Silver Potate*; then three Days
Before he *citroniſe*: ſome fifteen Days
The *Magiſterium* will be perfected.
Ana. About the ſecond Day of the third Week,
In the ninth Month——*Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias*.
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods ariſe to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as filled three Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make ſix Millions of 'em.
But I muſt ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How?——*Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finiſh'd. We muſt now increaſe

Our

Our Fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are paſt
Fimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
And all thoſe lenter Heats. If the holy Purſe
Should with this Draught fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a preſent Sum, I have a Trick
To melt the Pewter, you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,
And with a Tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
As any are in *Holland*. = *Tri* Can you ſo?
Sub. Ay and ſhall 'bide the third Examination.
Ana. It will be joyful Tidings to the *Brethren*.
Sub. But you muſt carry it ſecret. = *Tri* Ay but ſtay.
This Act of Coining, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
We know no Magiſtrate. Or, if we did,
This's foreign Coin.
Sub. It is no Coining, Sir.
It is but Caſting. = *Tri.* Ha? You diſtinguiſh well.
Caſting of Money may be lawful. = *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it ſo.
Sub. There is no Scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This Caſe of Conſcience he is ſtudied in.
Tri. I'll make a Queſtion of it to the *Brethren*.
Ana. The *Brethren* ſhall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where ſhall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon [*Knock without.* P.S.
There's ſome to ſpeak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. † Who is it? *Face!* Appear.
† Exeunt O.P.

SCENE III.

Enter ~~Subtle, Face and Dol.~~ *Face.* P.S.

Sub. How now? Good Prize?
Fac. Good Prize! Yond' cauſtive Cheater
Never came on. = *Sub.* How then?
Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no ſuch Thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him!
Fac. Quit him? an Hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you have me ſtalk like a Mill-Jade,
All Day, for one that will not yield us Grains?

I know him of old.—*Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a Maiſtry.—*Fac.* Let him go, black Boy,
And turn thee, that ſome freſh News may poſſeſs thee.
A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private for his Conſcience,
And brought Munition with him, ſix great Sloops,
Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, beſide round Trunks,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will ſtraight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
(That is the Colour) and to make his Batt'ry
Upon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pier, or what thou wilt. Where is ſhe?
She muſt prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
The Bath in chief, a Banquet, and her Wit,
For ſhe muſt mills his *Epididymis*.
Where is the *Doxy*?—*Sub.* I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again myſelf.—*Fac.* Are they within then?
Sub. Numb'ring the Sum.—*Fac.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.—{Exit O.P.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky Day! Ten Pounds of *Mammon!*
Three o'my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethren!* Beſide Reverſions,
And States to come i'the Widow, and my *Count?*
My Share To-day will not be bought for forty——
Dol. What?—{Enter Dol. P.S.
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou ſo near?
Dol. Yes, ſay Lord General, how fares our Camp?
Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themſelves
Safe, by their Diſcipline, againſt a World, *Dol.*
And laugh'd within thoſe Trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the Booties, *Dol*, brought in
Daily by their ſmall Parties. This dear Hour
A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou may'ſt make his Ranſom what thou wilt,
My *Donſabel*: He ſhall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair Looks before he ſees thee; and thrown
In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keep him waking with thy Drum;

Thy

Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame,
As the poor Black-birds were i'the great Frost,
Or Bees are with a Basons, and so hive him
I'the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little God's-gift.
Dol. What is he, General? *Fac.* An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
Dol. No. *Fac.* Nor my Drugger? *him!*
Dol. Neither. *Fac.* A Pox on 'em, They are so long a furnishing! Such Stinkards
Would not be seen upon these Festival Days.
How now! ha' you done? — {*Enter Subtle* O.P.
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* shall do't against he ha' the Widow,
To furnish Household. = *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come! = *Fac.* I pray he keep away
Till our new Business be o'erpast. = *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'st thou by this Secret, *Don*? = *Fac.* A Spirit
Brought me th' Intelligence in a Paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my Means. Sweet *Dol*,
You must go tune your Virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And do you hear? good Action.
Firk, like a Flounder; kiss like a Scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy Mother Tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a Jot of Language;
So much the easier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obscure,
And our own Coachman, whom I have sent as Guide,
No Creature else. Who's that? (*One knocks.* P.S.
Sub. It is not he!
Fac. O, no, not yet this Hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,
Your Clerk. *Fac.* God's Will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tire; and Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's dispatch him for God's sake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the Cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more! *I know not.*

Oh! *Abel*, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow ?=*Fac.* No,
Not that I ſee. Away.‡ ~~O Sir, you are welcome.~~ ‡Exeunt Subtle & Dol. O.P.

SCENE IV.

Enter ~~*Face, Dapper*~~, *Drugger*, *Kaſtril*. P.S.

~~*Fac.* The Doctor is within moving for you;~~
~~(I have had the moſt ado to win him to it)~~
~~He ſwears you'll be the Dearling of the Dice:~~
~~He never heard her Highneſs dote till now (he ſays)~~
~~Your Aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious Words~~
~~That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I ſee her Grace!~~
~~*Fac.* See her, and kiſs her too.~~ What, honeſt *Nab!*
Ha'ſt brought the Damask ?=*Nab.* No. Sir, here's *Tobacco.*
Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab:* Thou'lt bring the Damask too ?
Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Maſter *Kaſtril*,
I have brought to ſee the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the Widow ?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Siſter (he ſays) ſhall come.
Fac. O, is it ſo? Good Time. Is your Name *Kaſtril*, Sir ?
Kaſ. I, and the beſt of the *Kaſtrils*, I'ld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a Year. Where is the Doctor ?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do Things. Has he any Skill ?=*Fac.* Wherein, Sir ?
Kaſ. To carry a Buſineſs, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit Terms.=*Fac.* It ſeems, Sir, yo'are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Queſtion.
Kaſ. Sir, Not ſo young, but I have heard ſome Speech
Of the angry Boys, and ſeen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practiſe i' the Country.=*Fac.* Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt Shadow of a Hair; and ſhew you
An Inſtrument he has of his own making.

Where-

Wherewith no ſooner ſhall you make Report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the Height on't
Moſt inſtantly, and tell in what Degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality.
And how it may be born, whether in a *Right Line*,
Or a *Half Circle*; or may elſe be caſt
Into an *Angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lye by.= *Kaſ.* How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll ſhew you, or in *Circle*,
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town
Study his *Theorems*, and diſpute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*.= *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the Wits too?= *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It not two Months ſince. I'll tell you his Method:
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Fac. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's Gaming there, and Tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game?= *Kaſ.* Ay 'twill ſpend a Man.
Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their Wits there, that have vented
Six Times your Fortunes?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a Year!
Fac. I, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Fac.* I, Sir.
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a Year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *Flye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unreſiſtable Luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*. They will ſet him
Upmoſt at the Groom-Porter's all the *Chriſtmas!*
And for the whole Year through at every Place
Where there is Play, preſent him with the Chair;
The beſt Attendance, the beſt Drink, ſometimes

~~Two Glaſſes of *Canary*, and pay nothing;~~
~~The pureſt Linnen, and the ſharpeſt Knife,~~
~~The Patridge next his Trencher: and ſomewhere~~
~~The dainty Bed, in private with the dainty,~~
~~You ſhall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,~~
~~As Play-houſes for a Poet; and the Maſter~~
~~Pray him aloud to name what Diſh he affects,~~
~~Which muſt be butter'd Shrimps: and thoſe that drink~~
~~To no Mouth elſe, will drink to his, as being~~
~~The goodly *preſident* Mouth of all the Board.~~

Kaſ. Do you not gull one?

Fac. 'Od's my Life! Do you think it?
You ſhall have a caſt Commander (can but get
In Credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For ſome two Pair of either's Ware, aforehand)
Will, by moſt ſwift Poſts dealing with him,
Arrive at competent Means to keep himſelf,
His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent Faſhion,
And be admir'd for't. *Kaſ.* Will the Doctor teach this?

Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone.
(As Men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a Vacation, when ſmall Money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the Term,
He'll ſhew a Perſpective, where on one Side
You ſhall behold the Faces and the Perſons
Of all ſufficient young Heirs in Town,
Whoſe Bonds are current for Commodity;
On th' other Side, the Merchants Forms, and others,
That without Help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a Share) will truſt ſuch Parcels.
~~In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign~~
~~Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait~~
~~To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Soap,~~
~~Hops, or Tobacco, Oatmeal, Woad, or Cheeſes.~~
~~All which you may ſo handle, to enjoy~~
~~To your own Uſe, and never ſtand oblig'd.~~

Kaſ. I'Faith! Is he ſuch a Fellow?

Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt Man!

He's

He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. God's Will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange Thing!
(By the Way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me honeſt *Nab*, here was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's Life.—*Dru*. Truth, and no more I was not.
Fac. And then he was ſo ſick——
Dru. Could he tell you that too?
Fac. How ſhould I know it?
Dru. In Troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a Piece of fat Ram-mutton to Supper,
That lay ſo heavy o'my Stomach——
Fac. And he has no Head
To bear any Wine; for what with the Noiſe o' the Fidlers,
And Care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants——
Dru. My Head did ſo ake——
Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good *Old Woman*——
Dru. (Yes, Faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me,
With ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Coſt me but Two-pence. I had another Sickneſs
Was worſe than that.—*Fac.* I, that was the Grief
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at Eighteen-pence,
For the Water-work.—*Dru.* In Truth, and it was like
T'have coſt me almoſt my Life.—*Fac.* Thy Hair went off?
Dru. Yes, 'twas done for ſpight.
Fac. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe.—*Fac.* Sir, he is buſy now:
But if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own Pains may command her ſooner;

And he by that Time will be free. *Kas.* I go. Exit P.S

Fac. Druger, she's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle* and I
Must wrestle for her.) ~~Come on, Master Dapper~~
~~You see how I turn Clients~~ here away,
To give your Cause Dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The Ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Dap. Yes, o'the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.

Fac. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More Worship than you think. Your Aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t'have a Sight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six-score *Edward*'s Shillings.

Fac. Good.

Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Soveraign. *Fac.* Very good.

Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat.
Just twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too just.
I would you had the other Noble in *Mary*'s.

Dap. I have some *Philip* and *Mary*'s. *Fac.* I those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle *disguis'd like a Priest of* Fairy.

Sub. Is yet her *Grace*'s Cousin come? *Fac.* He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting? *Fac.* Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum?*

Fac. Thrice, you must answer. *Dap.* Thrice.

Sub. And as oft *Buz?*

Fac. If you have, say. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then, to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his Senses,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* dispenses,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune*;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,
Yet nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:

And

~~And therefore, even of that a Piece she hath sent,~~
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much Love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
About his Eyes, to shew he is fortunate.
[*They blind him with a Rag.*
And, trusting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her *Grace's* Word (Throw away your Purse.)
As she would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that Thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, cast it off,
Or a Silver Seal at your Wrist; her *Grace* will send
Her *Fairies* here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her *Highness*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.
Fac. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Musick.) Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not Truth. Advise you.
[Dol *enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't.
Fac. Ti, ti.
They knew't, they say. *Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I'the t'other Pocket?
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.
They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.
Dap. O, o.
Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Grace's* Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good Faith, you shall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the *Fairies*. Shew
You are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.
~~*Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta.* He does equivocate, she says.~~

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and ſwears by the Light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-Crown
Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me;
And a leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.

Fac. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your Aunt's Diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns.
You may wear your leaden Heart ſtill. How now?

Sub. What News, *Dol?*

Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon.*

Fac. God's Lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. H's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol.* Get his Suit.
He muſt be ſent back. *Fac.* O, by no Means.
What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here,
Now he's o' the Spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her *Grace* ſpeak with me?
I come. Help, *Dol. Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure,*
[*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.*
My Maſter's i' the Way. Pleaſe you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his Back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol. Sub.* Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper.*

Dap. I long to ſee her *Grace.* *Sub.* She now is ſet
At Dinner in her Bed, and has ſent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouſe,
And a Piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting:
Yet if you could hold out till ſhe ſaw you (ſhe ſays)
It would be better for you. *Fac.* Sir, he ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her *Highneſs*;
I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe
All we ha' done——*Sub.* He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak
To any body, till then. *Fac.* For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Fac.* Of Gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*

Thus

exit. 0.1

Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.
Cape Sir, and let him sit you. *Sub.* Where shall we now
Bestow him? *Dol.* I'the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,
I now must shew you *Fortune*'s Privy Lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's somewhat strong.
Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Face*, *Mammon*, Dol meeting.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time?
Mam. Where's Master?
Fac. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd shortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Fac. To Gold and Silver, Sir.—*Mam.* Silver I care not for.
Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave Things o'you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit——
Mam. Hast thou?
Fac. As she is almost in her Fit to see you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage—*Mam.* I warrant thee.
Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man should hear or see you—— *Mam.* Fear not.
Fac. The very House, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least Act of Sin. *Physick*, or *Mathematicks*,
Poetry, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)
She will endure, and never startle: But
No Word of Controversy.—*Mam.* I am school'd, good Ulen.
Fac. And you must praise her House, remember that,
And

And her Nobility.=*Mam.* Let me alone:
No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,
Shall do it better. Go.=*Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady.=*Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thyſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae*: Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon*. What the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my Talk to her. Here ſhe comes.
Fac. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him.—This is the noble Knight,
I told your Ladyſhip—*Mam.* Madam, with your Pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture.=*Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in Health, Lady.
Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
Fac. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam———
Fac. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.)
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſy.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Virtues to me,
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir, a poor Baron's Daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your Father
Slept all the happy Remnant of ~~my~~ his Life
After that Act, lien but there ſtill, and painted,
H' had done enough to make himſelf, his Iſſue,
And his Poſterity Noble.=*Dol.* Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the Gilt and Trappings,
The Dreſs of Honour, yet we ſtrive to keep
The Seeds and the Materials.=*Mam.* I do ſee

The

The old Ingredient, Virtue, was not loſt,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compound.
There is a ſtrange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do reſemble
One o' the *Auſtriack* Princes.=*Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Iriſh* Coſtermonger.
Mam. The Houſe of *Valois* juſt had ſuch a Noſe,
And ſuch a Forehead yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boaſt.=*Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all theſe Princes.=*Fac.* I'll be ſworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features. † Exit Face. P. S
Fac. I'll in, and laugh.† *Mam.* A certain Touch,
or Air,
That ſparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty!=*Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me Leave——
Dol. In Faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir.=*Mam.* To burn in this ſweet Flame;
The *Phœnix* never knew a nobler Death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and deſtroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your Words,
Calls your whole Faith in queſtion.=*Mam.* By my
Soul——
Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the ſame Air, Sir.
Mam. Nature
Never beſtow'd upon Mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces elſe.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular——
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your Diſtance.
Mam. In no ill Senſe, ſweet Lady, but to ask
How you fair Graces paſs the Hours? I ſee
You are lodg'd here, i' the Houſe of a rare Man,
An excellent Artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir, I ſtudy here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Diſtillation*.=*Mam.* O, cry you Pardon.
He's a Divine Inſtructor, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Virtues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature

What

What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelley*; ſent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.

Dol. Cry and for his Phyſick, Sir——

Mam. Above the Art of *Æſculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more.= *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir.
Whole with theſe Studies, that contemplate Nature.

Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to ſo dark a Uſe.
Had you been crooked, foul, of ſome coarſe Mould,
A Cloyſter had done well; but ſuch a Feature,
That might ſtand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluſe! is a meer *Solæciſm*,
Though in a Nunnery. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamond better on my Finger,
That i' the Quarry?= *Dol.* Yes.= *Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt Pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In Chains of Adamant?

Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.

Dol. You are contented, Sir?=*Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.

Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure!*

Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Styles.= *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir!

Mam. No, I will take away that Jealouſy.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſopher's Stone*,
And thou the Lady.= *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Maſtery*.
This Day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe

Has

Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think there thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it:
And it ſhall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. = *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.
Mam. I'm pleas'd the Glory of her Sex ſhould know,
This Nook, here, of the *Friars* is no Climate
For her to live obſcurely in, to learn
Phyſick and Surgery, for the Conſtable's Wife
Of ſome odd Hundred in *Eſſex*: but come forth,
And taſte the Air of Palaces; eat, drink;
The Toils of *Emp'rick*s, and their boaſted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl, and Coral, Gold and Amber;
Be ſeen at Feaſts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a fire, like a Burning-glaſs,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty Stars adorns thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but ſhewing our Love,
Nero's Poppæa may be loſt in Story!
Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well conſent, Sir.
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take Notice, and both ſeize
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.
Dol. Yourſelf do boaſt it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my Life.
Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The Remnant of your Days in a loath'd Priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle Fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-Country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs
And have our Cockles boil'd in ſilver She'ls,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphin's Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet ourſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew

Our

~~Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,~~
~~And so enjoy a Perpetuity~~
~~Of Life and Luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe~~
~~Richer than *Nature's*, ſtill to change thyſelf,~~
~~And vary oft'ner, for thy Pride, than ſhe,~~
~~Or *Art*, her wiſe and almoſt equal Servant.~~

Enter Face P.S. *Fac.* Sir, you are too loud. I hear you ev'ry Word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter Place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you
her?
Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.
Fac. But do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.
Mam. We think not on 'em. Exeunt Mam
Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!* Dol O.P.

SCENE II.

Enter. ~~*Face*, *Subtle*, *Kaſtril* & *Dame Pliant*~~. P.S.

Fac. Doſt thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes. Are they gone?= *Fac.* All's clear.
Sub. The Widow is come.
Fac. And your quarrelling Diſciple?
Sub. ~~Ay~~ =*Fac.* I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.
Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.
Fac. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell*?=*Sub.* I know not.=*Fac.* We'll draw Lots,
You'll ſtand to that?
Sub. What elſe?=*Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap.=*Sub.* To th' Door,
Man.
Fac. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Noſtrils.
† *Fac.* Who would you ſpeak with?
† Enter Kaſtril & Dame Pliant. P.S. *Kaſ.* Where's the Captain?=*Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.
Kaſ. Gone?= *Fac.* He'll return ſtraight. Exit P.S.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.
Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel.=*Kaſ.* You lye.
Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lye?
For what, my ſudden Boy?=*Kaſ.* Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.=*Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick!* You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diviſions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
Your *Predicaments*, *Subſtance*, and *Accident*,
Series extern and *intern*, with their *Cauſes*,
Efficient, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,
And ha' your *Elements* perfect——*Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in?=*Sub* That *falſe Precept*
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their Wills?=*Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?
Sub. I cry this Lady Mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and buxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*
Kaſ. Is ſhe, i'Faith?
Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Lyar.
Kaſ. How know you?
Sub. By Inſpection on her Forehead,
And Subtilty of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts
[*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrabolane!* Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.
Pli. What is he then, Sir?=*Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris:*
But, moſt of all, *Junctura annularis.*
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady;
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly.=*Pli.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me.=*Kaſ.* Hold your Peace.
Here comes the t'other rare Man. 'Save you, *Captain.* {Enter Face.
Fac. Good Maſter *Kaſtril.* Is this your Siſter?=*Kaſ.*
Ay Sir. Pleaſe

Pleaſe to kuſs her, and be proud to know her?
Fac. I ſhall be proud to know you, Lady.—*Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Lady too.—*Kaſ.* Ay Peace. I heard it.
Fac. The *Count* is come.
Sub. Where is he?—*Fac.* At the Door.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him.—*Fac.* What'll you do
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs.—*Fac.* 'Fore God,
She is delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her.
Sub. Muſt you? Ay if your Fortune will, you muſt.† Exit Face.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently: P.S.
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straw's-breadth by Moor-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an Hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me. Exeunt O.P.

SCENE III.

Enter *Face*, ~~*Subtle, Surly.*~~ P.S.

Fac. Where are you, Doctor?
Sub. (within) I'll come to you preſently. — (Enter) O.P.
Fac. I will ha' this ſame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition.—*Sub.* What do you ſay?
Fac. Ha' you diſpos'd of them?—*Sub.* I ha' ſent 'em up.
Fac. Subtle, in Troth, I needs muſt have this *Widow*.
Sub. Is that the Matter?
Fac. Nay, but hear me.—*Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.
Fac. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but *conceive*.
Thou art old, and can'ſt not ſerve——
Sub. Who, cannot I?

'Slight,

'Slight, I will ſerve her with thee, for a—*Fac.* Nay,
But underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, ſell my Fortune?
'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly.—*Fac.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in State?
Sub. I follow you, Sir; We muſt keep *Face* in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a Tyrant.
Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John?*

Enter [*Surly like a Spaniard.*

Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos a vueſtras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſs'd our *anos.*
Fac. Peace, *Subtle.*—*Sub.* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, Man.
He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
Serv'd in by a ſhort Cloak upon two Treſſils.
Fac. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut down
Beneath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Knife?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard.*
Fac. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
In *d'Alva*'s time; *Count Egmont*'s Baſtard. *Sub. Don*,
Your ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia.—*Sub.* He ſpeaks out of a Fortification.
Pray God, he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy linda caſa!
Sub. What ſays he?—*Fac.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think
I know no more but's Action.—*Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
Be cozen'd, *Diego.*—*Fac.* Cozen'd do you ſee?
My worthy *Donzel* cozen'd.—*Sur. Entiendo.*
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don.*
Have you brought Piſtolets, or Portagues,
My ſolemn *Don?* Doſt thou feel any?—*Fac.* Full.
[*He feels his Pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they ſay.—*Fac.* Milked, in Troth, ſweet *Don.*

Sub.

Sub. See all the Monſters; the great Lion of all, *Don*.
Sur. Con licentia, ſe puede ver a eſt a Sennora?
Sub. What talks he now?
Fac. O the *Sennora*. *Sub.* O, *Don*.
That is the Dioneſs, which you ſhall ſee
Alſo, my *Don*. *Fac.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Fac. Why *Dol*'s employ'd you know. = *Sub.* That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.
Fac. Stay! That he muſt not by no means.
Sub. No! Why?
Fac. Unleſs you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll ſuſpect it:
And then he will not pay, not half ſo well.
This is a travell'd Punk-maſter, and does know
All the Delays; a notable hot Raſcal,
And looks already rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Muſt not be troubled. = *Fac. Mammon!* in no Caſe.
Sub. What ſhall we do then?
Fac. Think: you muſt be ſudden.
Sur. Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que cr-dicio tan
a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.
Fac. Mi vida? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the Widow.
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't, It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt,
What doſt thou think on't, *Subtle*.
Sub. Who, I, Why?
Fac. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an Offer for my Share e're-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i'Faith? = *Fac.* O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your Doom to me.
I'll take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then,
Fac. It is the *Common Cauſe*; therefore bethink you.

Dol.

Del elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid.—*Sub.* I care not.
Sur. Sennores, por que ſe tarda tanta?
~~*Sub.* Faith, I am not fit, I am old.~~
~~*Fac.* That's now no Reaſon, Sir.~~
~~*Sur. Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.~~
Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call.
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol!*—*Sub.* A Plague of Hell—
Fac. Will you then do?—*Sub.* Yo'are a *terrible Rogue*,
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better.—*Sub.* With all my Heart, Sir;
Am I diſcharg'd o' the Lot?—*Fac.* As you pleaſe.
Sub. Hands.
Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? ~~Fate, let me wed a Witch firſt.~~ No.
~~*Sur. Por eſſos barrada's barbas.*~~
Sub. He ſweats by his Beard.
Diſpatch, and call the Brother too.
Sur. Tiengo, duda, Sennores,
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *præſto Sennor*. Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don?*
Where if you pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And ſcrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
You ſhall in Faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punk ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face:*
The quickly doing of it is the Grace.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Face*, *Kaſtril*, *Da. Pliant*, ~~*Subtle, Surly*~~.

Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very Nick of her Fortune.
Kaſ. To be a *Counteſs*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſs*, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh Counteſs?*
Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Queſtion, Lady?

Kaſ.

Kaſ. Nay, ſhe is a Fool, Captain, you muſt pardon her.
Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,
To your meer Milliner? they will tell you all,
Your *Spaniſh* Gennet is the beſt Horſe; your *Spaniſh*
Stoup is the beſt Garb; your *Spaniſh* Beard
Is the beſt Cut; your *Spaniſh* Ruffs are the beſt
Wear; ~~your *Spaniſh* Pavin the beſt Daneq;~~
~~Your *Spaniſh* Titillation in a Glove~~
~~The beſt Perfume~~ And for your *Spaniſh* Pike,
And *Spaniſh* Blade, let your poor Captain ſpeak.
Enter Subtle P.S. Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtile you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——
Fac. I had told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A *Counteſs*; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spaniſh Counteſs*.
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then: Nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard*.—*Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' *Eighty-eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was ſome three Year afore I was born, in Truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable;
Chuſe which you will.
Fac. By this good Ruſh, perſuade her,
She will cry Strawberries elſe, within this Twelve-month.
Sub. Nay, Shads and Mackarel, which is worſe.
Fac. Indeed, Sir?
Kaſ. God's Lid, you ſhall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother.—*Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maul you.—*Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not ſo fierce.—*Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when ſhe comes to taſte

The

The Pleaſures of a Counteſs! to be courted——
Fac. And kiſs'd, and ruffled!—*Sub.* Ay behind the Hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in Pomp!
Sub. And know her State!
Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is ſerv'd Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And has her Pages, Uſhers, Footmen, and Coaches———
Sub. Her ſix Mares———*Fac.* Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*, *Bet'lem*, the *China-houſe*——*Fac.* Yes have The Citizens gape at her, and praiſe her Tires! And my Lord's Gooſe-turd Bands, that rides with her!
Kaſ. Moſt brave! By this Hand, you are not my Siſter, If you refuſe. *Pli.* I will not refuſe, Brother.—Enter Surly.
(within) *Sub? Que es eſto, Sennores, que non ſe venga? Eſta tardanza me mata! Fac.* Is it the *Count* come? The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.†
~~*Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!*~~
Sur. Por todos los dioſes, le mas acabada Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Fac. Is't not a gallant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French?*
Fac. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir.—*Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French?* And that, they ſay, is the courtlieſt Language.—*Fac.* Liſt, Sir.
Sur. El Sol ha perdido ſu lumbre, con el Reſplandor, que trae eſta dama. Valga me dios!
Fac. He admires your Siſter.
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make Curtſy?
Sub. 'Od's Will, ſhe muſt go to him, Man, and kiſs him! It is the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Women To make firſt Court.—*Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir: His Art knows all.—*Sur. Por que no ſe acude?*
Kaſ. He ſpeaks to her, I think.—*Fac.* That he does, Sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay, ſee: ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull. Noddy.—*Pli.* What ſay you, Brother?—*Kaſ.* Aſs, Suſter, Go kuſs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you, I'll thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe.—*Fac.* O, no Sir,†
† (Plant goes & kiſſes Surly.)
Sur.

Sur. Sannora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta
Allegar a tanta Hermosura.
Fac. Does he not use her bravely? = *Kas.* Bravely, i'Faith!
Fac. Nay, he will use her better. = *Kas.* Do you think so?
Sur. Sennora, si sera servida, entremus. Exeunt Sur. & Dame? O.P.
Kas. Where does he carry her?
Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no Thought: I must interpret for her.
Sub. Give *Dol* the Word. Come, my fierce Child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling Lesson again. *Kas.* Agreed,
I love a *Spanish* Boy with all my Heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this Means, Sir, you shall be Brother
To a great *Count*. *Kas.* I, I knew that at first.
This Match will advance the House of the *Kastrils*.
Sub. 'Pray God your Sister prove but pliant.
Kas. Why,
Her Name is so, by her other Husband. = *Sub.* How!
Kas. The Widow-*Pliant*. Knew you not that?
Sub. No Faith, Sir:
Yet, by Erection of her Figure, I guess'd it.
Come, let's go practise. = *Kas.* Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well? = *Sub.* I warrant you.

Exit Face P.S.

Exeunt O.P.

SCENE V.

Enter *Dol* & *Mammon*, ~~*Face, Subtle*~~. U.D.P.S.

Dol. For, after Alexander's *Death*--[*In her Fit of Talking.*
Mam. Good Lady——
Dol. That Perdiccas *and* Antigonus *were slain,*
The two that stood, Seleuc', *and* Ptolmee——
Mam. Madam. *Dol. Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beast,*
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog-Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg—*Mam.* La—
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——
Mam. Sweet Madam.
Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall

In

In the last Link of the fourth Chain. And these
Be Stars in Story, which none see or look at——
Mam. What shall I do? *Dol. For, as he says, except*
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks——
Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol. To come from* Salem, *and from*
Athens,
*And teach the People of Great-*Britain. {Enter Face. P.S.
Fac. What's the Matter, Sir?
Dol. To speak the Tongue of Eber, *and* Javan—*Mam.* O,
She's in her Fit. *Dol. We shall know nothing*--*Fac.* Death, Sir,
We are undone. *Dol. Where then a learned Linguist*
Shall see the ancient us'd Communion
Of Vowels and Consonants——*Fac.* My Master will hear!
Dol. A Wisdom, which Pythagoras *held most high*——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. *Dol. To comprize*
All Sounds of Voices, in few Marks of Letters——
Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
~~*Dol.* And so we may arrive by *Talmud* Skill,~~
~~And prophane *Greek*, to raise the Building up~~
~~Of *Helen's* House against the *Ismaelite*,~~
~~King of *Thogarma*, and his *Habergions*~~
~~Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the Force~~
~~Of King *Abaddon*, and the Beast of *Cittim*;~~
~~Which *Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos*,~~
~~And *Aben Ezra* do interpret. *Rome.*~~
Fac. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth *Monarchy* I would erect, [*They speak together.*
With the *Philosophers* (by Chance) and she
Falls on the other four straight. *Fac.* Out of *Broughton*
I told you so. 'Slid stop her Mouth. *Mam.* Is't best?
~~*Fac.* She'll never leave else.~~ If the old Man hear her,
We are but *faces*, Ashes. *Sub.* What's to do there? (within)
Fac. O, we are lost. ~~Now she hears him, she is quiet.~~
Mam. Where shall I hide me? (Enter Subtle)
Exit Face. [*pon* Subtle's *Entry they disperse.*
Sub. How what Sight is here!
Close Deeds of Darkness, and that shun the Light!
Bring him again. Who is he? what, my Son!
O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay good, dear Father,
There was no unchaste Purpose. *Sub.* Not? and flee me
When I come in? *Mam* That was my Error. *Sub.* Error?
Guilt, Guilt my Son. Give it the right Name. No Marvel

If I found Cheek in our *great Work* within,
When ſuch Affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half Hour;
And all the reſt of our *leſs Works* gone back.
Where is the Inſtrument of Wickedneſs,
My lewd falſe Drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him
Believe me, 'twas againſt his Will, or Knowledge.
I ſaw her by Chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more Sin,
T' excuſe a Varlet? = *Mam.* By my Hope 'tis true, Sir?
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The Bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your Fortunes. = *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *Work*, a Month at leaſt. = *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What Remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our Purpoſes were honeſt. = *Sub.* As they were,
So the Reward will prove. ⸗ How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. ⸗ What's that?

Enter Face. ⸗ [*A great Crack and Noiſe within.*

Fac. O, Sir, we are defeated! all the *Works*
Are flown in *fumo*: every Glaſs is burſt.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a Bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, *Receivers*, *Pellicanes*, *Bolt-heads*,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! alas,
[Subtle *falls down as in a ſwoon!*
Coldneſs and Death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fair Offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs?*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his Sight,
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad. [*One knocks.*
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the Fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs*? Will nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our Coſt! *Fac.* Faith very little, Sir.
A Peck of Coals or ſo, which is cold Comfort, Sir.
Mam. O My voluptuous mind! I am juſtly puniſh'd
Fac. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my Hopes ——— *Fac.*

Fac. Nay, Certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own base Affections.
Sub. O, the curss'd Fruits of Vice and Lust!
[Subtle *seems to come to himself.*
Mam. Good Father,
It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O Justice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go,
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For some good Penance you may ha't yet,
A hundred Pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*---*Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the restoring such as ha' their Wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac. I'll send one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *Projection* left? *Fac.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'st thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
something, about the scraping of the Shards,
Will cure the Itch, tho' not your itch of Mind, Sir. † Exeunt Face & Mammon
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,
This Way, for fear the Lord should meet you. † *Sub. Face.* P.S
Reenter Face. P.S. *Fac.* Ay. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. = *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads against the Roof for Joy:
There's so much of our Care now cast away.
Fac. Now to our *Don.*
Sub. Yes, your young Widow, by this Time
Is made a *Countess.* = *Face.* Sh' has been in Travail
Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. = *Sub.* Off with your Case,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should,
After these common Hazards. = *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.
Would *Dol* were in her Place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your Virtue. = *Sub.* For your Sake, Sir.

Exeunt O.P. Subtle
P.S. Face

SCENE VI.

Enter Surly, Da. Pliant, ~~Subtle, Face.~~ U. D. O. P.

Sur. Lady, you ſee into what Hands you are faln;
'Mongſt what a Neſt of Villains! and how near
Your Honour was t'have ~~catch'd a certain Clap~~ *ſunk*.
(Thro' your Credulity) ~~had I but been~~
~~So punctually forward,~~ as Place, Time,
~~And other Circumſtances would ha' made a Man:~~
~~For ſo'are a handſome Woman, would you were wiſe too.~~
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this *Citadel*,
And where I might ha'wrong'd your Honour, and ha'not,
I claim ſome Intereſt in your Love. You are,
They ſay, a Widow, rich: ~~and~~ I am a Batchelor,
Worth nought: your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preſerv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for theſe Houſhold-rogues, let me ~~me~~ alone,
To treat with them. *Enter Subtle O. P.*

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego?*
And my dear Madam *Counteſs?* Hath the *Count*
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donſel, methinks you look melancholick,
~~After your Coitum, and Scurvy! True-ly,~~
I do not like the Dullneſs of your Eye,
~~It hath a heavy Caſt, 'tis upſon Dutch,~~
~~And ſays you are a lumpiſh Whore-maſter.~~
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets ſo.

[*He falls to picking of them.*

Sur. Will you, *Don* Bawd, and Pick-purſe? How now! Reel you?
Stand up, Sir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll gi' you equal Weight. *Sub.* Help, Murder! *Murder!*

Sur. No, Sir. There's no ſuch Thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip ſhall eaſe you of that Fear.
I am the *Spaniſh Don*, that ſhould be cozened.
Do you ſee? cozened? where's your Captain *Face?*
That Parrel-broker, and whole-bawd, all Raſcal. *Enter Face.*

Fac. How, *Surly!* *Sur.* O, make your Approach, good Captain.

I R.S.

I have found from whence your Copper Rings and
Spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd ~~t'anoint your Boot with Brimstone,~~
~~Then rub Adens Gold on't~~, for a Kind of Touch,
And ſay 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the Colours;
~~That you might ha't for nothing.~~ And this Doctor,
Your ſooty, ſmoaky-bearded Compeer, ~~he~~
~~Will cloſe you ſo much Gold, in a Bolt's-head,~~
And, on a Turn, convey (i'the ſtead) another
With *ſublimd Mercury*, that ſhall burſt i'the Heat,
And fly out all *in fumo?* Then weeps *Mammon*:
~~Then ſwoons his Worſhip.~~ Or, he is the *Fauſtus*,
That caſteth Figures, and can conjure, ~~cures~~ too,
~~Plagues, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,~~
~~That~~ And holds Intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? while you ſend in——
Captain, (what, is he gone?). ~~Dam'ſels with Child,~~
~~Wives that are barren, or the waiting Maid~~
~~With the Green Sickneſs?~~ Nay, ~~Sir~~, you muſt tarry
Tho' he be'ſcap'd; and anſwer, by the Ears, Sir.

SCENE III.

Enter Face, Kaſtril, ~~*Surly, Subtle, Dragger, Ananias, Dame,*~~
~~*Pliant, Dol.*~~

Fac. Why, now's the Time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor and your Siſter both are abus'd.
Kaſ. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much. *Kaſ.* Then you lye i'your Throat?
Sur. How?
Fac. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,
If he knew how— *Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kaſ.* You lye:
And 'tis no Matter. *Fac.* Well ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt Raſcal——
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir? *Fac.* By no
Means: Bid him be gone. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir quickly.
Sur. This's ſtrange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Fac. There is not ſuch a Foiſt in all the Town,
The Doctor had him preſently: and finds yet,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle.*
Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this Hour.
Fac. And yet this Rogue will come in a Diſguiſe,
By the Temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho' he could not hurt it.= *Kaſ.* Ay,
I know—Away, you talk like a fooliſh Mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is Truth, ſhe ſays.=*Fac.* Do not believe him, Sir.
He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your Ways, Sir,
Sur. You are valiant out of Company.=*Kaſ.* Yes,
How then, Sir?= [Enter Drugger P.S.
Fac. Nay, here's an honeſt Fellow too, that knows him,
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I ſay, *Abel*)
This Cheater would ha'cozen'd thee o'the Widow.
He owes this honeſt *Drugger*, here, ſeven Pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacco.*
Dru. Yes, Sir. And he has damn'd himſelf three Terms to pay me.
Fac. And what does he owe for *Lotium?*=*Dru.* Thirty Shillings, Sir.
And for ſix *Syringes.*=*Sur. Hydra* of Villany!
Fac. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o'the Houſe.
Kaſ. I will.-Sir, if you get not out o'Doors, you lye:
And you are a Pimp.=*Sur.* Why, this is Madneſs, Sir,
Not Valour in you: I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my Humour: you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot.*
Enter Ananias P.S. *Dru.* Or a Knight o'the *curious Coxcomb.* Do you ſee?
Ana. Peace to the Houſhold.=*Kaſ.* I'll keep Peace for no Man.
Ana. Caſting of Dollars is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable?=*Sub.* Peace, *Ananias.*=*Fac.* No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim. Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaſ.* I will not.
Ana. What is the Motive? *Sub.* Zeal in the Gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* Slops——*Ana.* They are Prophane,
Lewd, Superſtitious, and Idolatrous Breeches.
x *Sur.* New Raſchals!=*Kaſ.* Will you be gone. Sir?
Ana. Avoid *Satan.* Thou

Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: and is the same
With that which the ancient Birds, in *Seventy-seven*,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers Coasts.
Thou look'ſt like *Antichriſt*, in the lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way.—*Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir.—*Sur.* But I'll take
A Courſe with you.—*Ana.* Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain, and Doctor.—*Ana.* Child of Perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.— {*Exit Surly.* P. S.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an' I give my Mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Fac. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame,
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then. *Exit Kastril.* P. S.
Fac. Drugger, this Rogue prevented us, for thee
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Suit, and ha' carried her ſo; and he
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt'brought the Damask?—*Dru.* Yes, Sir.—*Fac.* Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Suit. Haſt thou no Credit with the Players?
Dru. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the Fool?
Fac. I know not, *Nab*: thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronomy's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſpered with him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em.† *Ana.* Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Upon their Actions: and that this was one
I make no Scruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer and Meditation for it.
And 'tis revealed no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of Money is moſt lawful.—*Sub.* True:
But here I cannot do it; if the Houſe
Shou'd chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated.—*Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole Company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Faſting.)

† *Exit Drugger.* P. S.

Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter Place. The Peace of Mind
Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias.*
Fac. What did he come for? *Sub.* About caſting Dollars,
Preſently out of Hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to ſpy,
Againſt the Faithful——*Fac.* I conceive. Come, *Subtle,*
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt Diſaſter!
How would'ſt tho' ha'done, if I had not help'd thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, *Face,* for the angry Boy, i'Faith.
Fac. Who would ha' look'd it ſhould ha' been that Raſcal.
Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir;
Here's Damask come to make you a Suit.=*Sur.* Where's *Drugger?*
Fac. He's gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* Habit;
I'll be the *Count,* now.=*Sub.* But where's the Widow?
Fac. Within, with my Lord's Siſter: Madom *Dol*
Is entertaining her.=*Sub.* By your Favour, *Face,*
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Fac. You will not offer it?=*Sur.* Why?=*Fac.* Stand to your Word
Or——here comes *Dol.* She knows——*Sub.* Yo'are tyrannous ſtill.
Fac. Strict for my Right. How now, *Dol?* Haſt 'told her.
The *Spaniſh Count* will come? *Dol.* Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for.=*Fac.* Who's that?=*Dol.* Your Maſter:
The Maſter of the Houſe.=*Sub.* How, *Dol!* *Fac.* She lyes,
This is ſome Trick. Come, leave your Quibblings, *Dorothee.*
Dol. Look out and ſee.=*Sub.* Art thou in earneſt?
Dol. 'Slight.
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good Day.=*Dol.* 'Twill prove ill Day.
For ſome on us.=*Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I'm afraid.=*Sub.* You ſaid he would not come,
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Fac. No: 'Twas within the Walls.=*Sub.* Was't ſo?
Cry'you Mercy.

Exit Omnes. P. S.

† Enter Dol. P. S.

Face looks out. P. S.

I thought the Liberties. What ſhall we do now, *Face*?
Fac. Be ſilent: not a Word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old Shape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I'the the mean Time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll help him
Off for To-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At Night, I'll ſhip you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet To-morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
Let *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another Time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly,
Subtle muſt ſhave me. All my Captain's Beard
Muſt off, to make me appear ſmooth *Jeremy*
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll ſhave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me? *Sub.* You
ſhall ſee, Sir. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Love-wit, Neighbours. O. P.

Lov. HAS there been ſuch Reſort, ſay you? *Nei.* 1. Daily, Sir.
Nei. 2. And Nightly, too. *Nei.* 3. I, ſome as brave as Lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen. *Nei.* 2. Citizens Wives.
Nei. 3. And Knights. *Nei.* 4. In Coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyſter-women.
Nei. 1. Beſide other Gallants. *Nei.* 3. Sailors Wives.
Nei. 2. *Tobacco-men.* ~~*Nei.* 5. Another *Pimlico*!~~
Lov. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? *Nei.* 4. No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir. *Lov.* He has no Gift
Of teaching i'the Noſe, that e'er I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd Cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei.* 2. No ſuch Thing Sir.
Lov. Nor heard a Drum ſtruck, for Baboons, or Puppets? *Nei.* 3. Neither, Sir.

Lov. What Device ſhould he bring forth now ?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my Nouriſhment :
'Pray God he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding :
I left him nothing elſe : If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o' the Mouth, ſay I : ~~Sure he has got~~
~~Some bawdy Pictures, to call this Ging;~~
The Frier, and the Nun, or the new *Motion*.
Of the Knight's Courſes, covering the Parſon's Mare;
The Boy of ſix Years old, with the great Thing :
Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
~~Upon a Table, or ſome Dog to dance ?~~
When ſaw you him ? *Nei.* 1. Who, Sir, *Jeremy* ?
Nei. 2 *Jeremy* Butler ?
We ſaw him not this Month. *Lov.* How !
Nei. 4. Not theſe five Weeks, Sir.
Nei. 3. Theſe ſix Weeks, at the leaſt.
Lov. Yo'amaze me, Neighbours !
Nei. 5. Sure, if your Worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipt away. *Nei.* 2. Pray God, he be not made away. [*He knocks.* P.S
Lov. Ha ; It's no Time to queſtion, then. *Nei.* 5. About
Some three Weeks ſince, I heard a doleful Cry,
As I ſat up, a mending my Wife's Stockings.
Lov. This's ſtrange ! that none will anſwer !
Didſt thou hear
A Cry, ſay'ſt thou ? *Nei.* 5. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been ſtrangled an Hour, and could not ſpeak.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, juſt this Day three Weeks, at Two o' Clock
Next Morning. *Lov.* Theſe be Miracles, or you make 'em ſo ?
A Man an Hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry ? *Nei.* 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
Lov. Thou art a wiſe Fellow : Give me thy Hand I pray thee.
What Trade art thou on ?
Nei. 3. A Smith, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Lov. A Smith ? Then lend me thy Help to get this Door open.

Nei.

Nei. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my Tools
Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

SCENE II.

Enter ~~Lovewit~~, *Face*, ~~Neighbour~~. U.D.P.S.

Lov. I will. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir? *Nei.* 1, 2, &c.
O, here's *Jeremy!*
Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Lov. Why! What's the Matter?
Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Lov. I' the Name of Wonder! What means the Fellow?
Fac. The House, Sir, has been visited. (ther.
Lov. What? with the Plague? stand thou then far-
Fac. No, Sir, I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left
None else, but thee, i' the House! *Fac.* Yes, Sir, my Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttery, had it on her
A Week before I spied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the Night. And so I shut
The House up for a Month——
Lov. How! *Fac.* Purposing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Rose-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar, [it;
And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known
Because I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.
Lov. Breathe less, and farther off. Why this is stranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have still been open——*Fac.* How Sir!
Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all Sorts, Tag-rag, been seen to flock here
~~In Threaves~~, these ten Weeks, ~~as to a second Hogs-den~~,
~~In Days of Pimlico, and Eye-bright~~! *Fac.* Sir,
Their Wisdoms will not say so! *Lov.* To-day, they speak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French* Hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more
Pass in and out! *Fac.* They did pass thro' the Doors then.
Or Walls, I assure their Eye-sights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,

I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Thro' the black Pot, and made theſe Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worſhip, for theſe 3 Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Lov.* Strange!
Nei. Good Faith, I think I ſaw a Coach! *Nei.* 2. And I too,
I'ld ha' been ſworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? *Nei.* 3. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honeſt Fellow. *Fac.* Did you ſee me at all?
Nei. 1. No; that we are ſure on. *Nei.* 2. I'll be ſworn o' that.
Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!
Enter O.P. *Nei.* 3. Is *Jeremy* come? *Nei.* 1. O, yes, you may leave your Tools,
We were deceiv'd, he ſays. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys:
And the Door has been ſhut theſe three Weeks. *Nei.* 3. Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *Fac.* *Surly* come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do!
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Surly*, & *Mammon*, ~~*Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kaſtril, Ananiac, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.*~~ O.P.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This,
It was no Bawdy-houſe: but a meer *Chancel*.
You knew the Lord, and his Siſter. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surly*-
Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*--*Mam.* Play not the Tyran-
Sur. Should be To-day pronounc'd to all your Friends,
And where be your Andirons now? and your braſs Pots,
That ſhould ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedge?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,
Methinks! *Sur.* Ay, now 'tis Holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues!
Cozeners! Impoſtors! Bawds! *Fac.* What mean you, Sir? [Mammon *and* Surly *knock* P.S.
Mam. To enter if we can. *Fac.* Another Man's Houſe?
Here is the Owner, Sir. Turn you to him,

And

And ſpeak your Buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?
Lov. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are thoſe Knaves within your Cheaters?
Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters? *Mam. Subtle*, and his *Lungs*.
Fac. The Gentleman is diſtracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha' been ſeen here theſe three Weeks, Sir,
Within theſe Doors, upon my Word! *Sur.* Your Word,
Groom arrogant? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the Houſe-keeper,
And know the Keys ha'not been out o'my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face*.
Fac. You do miſtake the Houſe, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raſcal! This is one
O' the Confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you ſtay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.
Mam. Ay and then *Exeunt Sur. & Mam.* O.P.
We ſhall ha' your Doors open. † *Lov.* What means this?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.
Nei. 1. Theſe are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we ſaw. *Fac.* Two of the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good Faith, Sir,
I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a Noiſe, { *Enter Kaſtril.* O.P.
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kaſ. What Rogues! Bawds! Slaves, you'll open the Door anon; [*Kaſtril knocks.*
Punk! Cocatrice! my Suſter. By this Light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Caſtle——
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Pus my Suſter. *Lov.* This is ſomething, ſure!
Fac. Upon my Truſt, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their Tricks told me twice over;
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman. † *Enter Ananias & Tribulation* O.P.
Lov. Here comes another. *Fac. Ananias* too?
And his *Paſtor*? † *Tri.* The Doors are ſhut againſt us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your Stench is broke forth: Abomination
Is in the Houſe. *Kaſ.* I, my Suſter's there. *Ana.* The Place,

It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then? Punk, device my Suſter!
Ana. Call her not Sifter. She's a Harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the Street.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, a Word.
Ana. *Satan*, avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.
Lov. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem*. Exeunt O.P.
Fac. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of St. *Kather'ne*'s, where they uſe to keep
The better Sort of Mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All theſe Perſons
We ſaw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.
Nei. 3. Theſe were the Parties. *Fac.* Peace, you Drunkards, Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me Leave
To touch the Door, I'll try an'the Lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good Faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch Thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus*.
Would I could get him away. [Dapper ~~cries out within~~ Noise
~~*Dap.* Maſter Capt. Maſter Doctor. *Lov.* Who's that?~~
Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.
Dap. For God's Sake, when will her Grace be at leiſure?
Fac. Ha! [Illuſions, ſome Spirit o'the Air: (his Gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the Throat.) *Dap.* I'm almoſt ſtifled.
Fac. (Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Ha! Liſt. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i'the Air!
Lov. Peace, you——
Dap. Mine Aunt's *Grace* does not uſe me well.
~~*Sub.* You Fool.~~ *Lov.* What's that?
Fac. Peace, you'll mar all. (to them within)
~~*Fac.* Or you will elſe, you Rogue.~~
Lov. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
Come Sir. No more o'your Tricks, good *Jeremy*,
The Truth, the ſhorteſt Way. *Fac.* Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir,
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good Neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. † Come, Sir. Exeunt Mob.
You know that I am an indulgent Master : O.P.
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw so many several Sorts of wild Fowl ?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit :
(But here's no Place to talk on't i'the Street.)
Give me but leave to make the best of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th'Abuse of your House :
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me Thanks for,
Will make you seven Years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the House,
It was not visited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Let's see your Widow.
Fac. Please but to walk in, Sir. Exeunt P. 81

SCENE VI.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

Sub. How ! ha' you eaten your Gag ?
Dap. Yes Faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady : but in Troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The Fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her *Grace*. Here comes the Captain.
Fac. How now ! Is his Mouth down ?
Sub. I ! he has spoken !
Fac. (A Pox, I hear him, and you too.) He's undone
then.
(I have been fain to say, the House is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.
Sub. And hast thou done it ?
Fac. Sure, for this Night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and sing :
Of *Face* so famous, the precious King
Of present Wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the Coil,
About the Door ? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Fac.

Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd.
I'll ſend her to you. *Sub.* Well Sir, your Aunt, her Grace,
Will give you Audience preſently, on my Sute,
And the Captain's Word, that you did not eat your Gag
In any Contempt of her *Highneſs*.
Dap. Not I, in Troth, Sir,
[Dol *like the Queen of* Fairy.
Sub. Here ſhe is come. Down o'your Knees and wriggle:
She has a ſtately Preſence. Good. Yet nearer.
And bid, God ſave you. *Dap.* Madam.
Sub. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt gracious Aunt, God ſave your *Grace*.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:
But that ſweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
Ariſe, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
And kiſs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now ſtroke that Head.
Much good, Nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
Much ſhalt thou give away; much ſhalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace?
Dap. I cannot ſpeak for Joy.
Sub. See, the kind Wretch!
Your *Grace's* Kinſman right. *Dol.* Give me the *Bird*.
Here is your *Fly* in a Purſe, about your Neck, Couſin,
Wear it, and feed it about this Day ſev'night,
On your right Wriſt——*Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
And let it ſuck but once a Week: till then,
You muſt not look on't. *Dol.* No: And, Kinſman,
Fear yourſelf worthy of the Blood you come on.
Sub. Her Grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolſack* Pies,
Nor *Dagger* Frume'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his Faſt
In *Heaven* and *Hell*. *Sub.* She's with you every where!
Nor play with Coſtar-mongers, at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*.
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:)
but keep
The gallant'ſt Company, and the beſt Cameſ——*Dap.*
Yes, Sir. *Sub.*

~~*Sub. Gleek* and *Primero*: and what, you get, be true~~
to us.
Dap. By this Hand, I will,
Sub. You may bring's a thousand Pound
Before To-morrow Night (if but three thousand
Be ſtirring) an' you will. *Dap.* I ſwear, I will then.
Sub. Your *Grace* will command him no more Duties?
Dol. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred Cheſts of Treaſure,
And ſome twelve thouſand Acres of *Fairy* Land,
If he game well, and comely, with good Gameſters.
Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kiſs her departing Part.
But you muſt ſell your forty Mark a Year, now.
Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Pox on't.
Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the
Writings.
~~*Sub.* 'Tis well, away.~~ *Fac.* Where's *Subtle?*
Sub. Here. What News?
Fac. Drugger is at the Door, go take his Sute,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marry the Widow. ~~Thou ſhalt ſpend~~
~~A hundred Pound by the Service!~~ Now, Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant?* *Dol.* A good dull Innocent.
Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke, and Hat.
Fac. Give me 'em. *Sub.* And the Ruff too?
Fac. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
Sub. Now he is gone about his Project, *Dol*,
I told you of, for the Widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, Wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub.* Soon at Night, my
Dolly,
When we are ſhipp'd, and all our Goods aboard,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our Courſe
To *Brainford*, Weſtward, if thou ſay'ſt the Word,
And take our Leaves of this o'erweening Raſcal,
This peremptory *Face*. *Dol.* Content, I'm weary of him.
Sub. Thou 'haſt Cauſe, when the Slave will run a
Wiving, *Dol*,

Againſt

Againſt the Inſtrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. *Sub.* Yes, tell her,
She muſt by any Means addreſs ſome Preſent
To th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
His Art with her Suſpicion; ſend a Ring,
Or Chain of Pearl; ſhe will be tortur'd elſe
Extremely in her Sleep, ſay; and ha' ſtrange Things
Come to her. Wilt thou. *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine Flitter-mouſe,
My Bird o'the Night; we'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And ſay, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.
Enter Face O.P. [*They kiſs.*
Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good Paſſage of our Stock Affairs. — Knock P.S.
Fac. Drugger has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
And ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf. *Fac.* If you can get him. Exit Subtle P.S.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it is!
Fac. A Trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten Pound a Month by. Enter Subtle P.S.
Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir. Exit Face P.S.
Fac. I'll go beſtow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou can'ſt. To deceive him
Is no Deceit, but Juſtice, that would break
Such an inextricable Tie as ours was. Enter Face P.S.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Fac.* Come, my Ventures,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth,
Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's ſee 'em. Where's the Money?
Sub. Here.
The *Brethrens* Money, this. *Drugger*'s and *Dapper*'s,
What Paper's that? *Dol.* The Jewel of the waiting Maid's.
That ſtole it from her Lady, to know certain——
Fac. If ſhe ſhould have Precedence of her Miſtreſs?
Dol. Yes. *Fac.*

Fac. What Box is that? *Sub.* The Fiſh-wife's Rings, I think.
And th'Ale-wife's ſingle Money. Is't not *Dol?*
Dol. Yes: and the Whiſtle, that the Sailors Wife
Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Ward.*
Fac. We'll wet it To-morrow: and our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Petticoats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i'the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Fac.* Is *Drugger*'s Damask there?
And the *Tobacco?* *Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.
Dol. Why you the Keys! *Sub.* No Matter, *Dol*; becauſe
We ſhall not open 'em, before he comes.
Fac. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, *Dol.* *Dol.* No!
Fac. No, my Smock-rampant. The Right is, my Maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfied: for here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite,*
'Twixt *Subtle, Dol* and *Face.* All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o'the back ſide;
Or lend you a Sheet to ſave your Velvet Gown, *Dol.*
Here will be Officers preſently, bethink you,
Of ſome Courſe ſuddenly to 'ſcape the Dock:
For thither you'll come elſe. Hark you, Thunder.
[*Some knock.*
Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.
Fac. Dol, I am ſorry for thee i'Faith. But heareſt thou?
It ſhall go hard, but I will place thee ſome where:
Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Miſtreſs *Amo. Dol.* Hang you—
Fac. Or Madam *Cæſarean. Dol.* Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but Time to beat thee. *Fac. Subtle,*
Let's know where you ſet up next: I'll ſend you
A Cuſtomer, now and then, for old Acquaintance:
What new Courſe ha'you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang myſelf:
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Dol Common.

What do you mean, my Masters?—*Mam.* Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers.—*Off.* Or we'll break it open.
Lov. What Warrant have you?—*Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not.*
If you'll not open it.—*Lov.* Is there an Officer, there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing.—*Lov.* Have but Patience,
And I will open it straight.—*Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a Marriage? perfect?—*Lov.* Yes, my Brain.
Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your self, Sir.
Sur Down with the Door. *Kas.* Slight, ding it open.
Lov. Hold,
Hold, Gentlemen, what means this Violence?
Mam. Where is this Collier?—*Sur.* And my Captain *Face?*
Mam. These Day-owls.—*Sur.* That are birding in Mens Purses.
Mam. Madam *Suppository.*—*Kas. Doxey*, my Sister.
Ana. Locusts
Of the foul Pit! *Tri.* Prophane as *Bel* and the *Dragon.*
Ana. Worse than the Grashoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt.*
Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot stay this Violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the Matter? Whom do you seek?
Mam. The *Chymical* Cozener. *Sur.* And the Captain *Pander.*
Kas. The *Nun* my Suster. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi.*
Ana. Scorpions,
And Caterpillars.—*Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By Vertue of my Staff—— *Ana.* They are the Vessels
Of Pride, Lust, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie still,
A little while.—*Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias.*
Lov. The House is mine here, and the Doors are open:

If

If there be any ſuch Perſons you ſeek for,
Uſe your Authority, ſearch on o'God's Name.
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This Tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat 'maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more Diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent Part, let out my Houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my known Averſion
From any Air o'the Town, while there was Sickneſs)
To a Doctor, and a Captain, who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone? P.S.
[*They enter.*

Lov. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Furnace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle;
~~And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o'the Walls~~.
Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a Widow——
Kaſ. I, that's my Suſter. I'll go thump her. Where
is ſhe?
Lov. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a Widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good Faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had ta'en the Pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrowed a Sute, and Ruff all for her Love,
And then did nothing. What an Overſight,
And Want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
~~Well fare an old Harquebuzier, yet,~~
~~Could prime his Powder, and give Fire, and hit,~~
~~All in a Twincicling~~. *Mam.* The whole Neſt are fled!
Lov. What Sort of Birds were they?
[Mammon *comes forth.* P.S.

Mam. A Kind of Choughs,
Or thieviſh Daws, Sir, that have pick'd my Purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten Pounds, within theſe five Weeks,
Beſide my firſt Materials; and my Goods,

That

That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet.—*Lov.* Think you ſo, Sir?—*Mam.* Ay.
Lov. By Order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe,
Mam. Not mine own Stuff?—*Lov.* Sir, I can take no Knowledge,
That they are yours but by publick Means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were guli'd of 'em,
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen yourſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em.—*Lov.* That you ſhall not Sir,
By me, in Troth. Upon theſe Terms they are yours.
What ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Lov. What a great Loſs in Hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has. *Fac.* Ay, he would ha' built
The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, ſhould have run with Cream from *Hogſden*;
That every Sunday in *Moorfields*, the Younkers,
And Tits, and Tom-boys ſhould have fed on, *gratis*.
Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The End o' the World, within theſe two Months. *Surly*,
What! In a Dream?—*Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat myſelf,
With that fooliſh Vice of Honeſty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you Word,
Unto your Lodging? for in Troth, they were Strangers
To me, I thought 'em honeſt, as myſelf, Sir. *Exit Surly.*
Enter *Trib.* & *Anan.* ——— [*They come forth.*
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go,
And get ſome Carts———*Lov.* For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To bear away the Portion of the Righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that Portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometimes the Orphans, that the *Brethren*.
Bought with their Silver Pence.—*Lov.* What, thoſe i'the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims?—*Ana.* I do defy.

The

The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the *Brethren*.
Thou prophane Man, I ask thee with what Conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings number'd,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond Day of the fourth Week,
In the eighth Month, upon the Table dormant,
The Year of the laſt Patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?

Lov. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you;
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel.—*Ana.* Sir.

Tri. Be patient, *Ananias*.—*Ana.* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in Exile.—*Lov.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar.—*Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt thy Houſe: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
And Waſp, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This Seat of Falſhood, and this Cave of Coz'nage.

~~*Lov.* Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.~~
~~[*Dragger enters, and he beats him away.*~~
~~*Lov.* Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?~~
Fac. ~~No, this was *Abel Dragger*.~~ Good Sir, Go.
[*To the Parſon.*
~~And~~ ſatisfy him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtaid too long a waſhing of his Face.
The Doctor, he ſhall hear of him at *Weſtchester*;
And of the Captain, tell him, at *Yarmouth*, or
~~Some good Port-town elſe, lying for a Wind~~
If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——

Kaſ. Come on, you Yew, you have match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
Did not I ſay, I would never ha' you ~~tapp'd~~ *marry*
But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady *Tom?*
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you.—*Kaſ.*
Anon?

Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kaſ.* God's light!

This

This is a fine old Boy, as e'er I ſaw!
Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
Here ſtands my Dove? ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe i'Faith!
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this Match.= *Lov.* O, do you ſo, Sir.
Kaſ. Yes, an'thou can'ſt take *Tobacco*, and drink old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her Marriage,
Than her own State.= *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.= *Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
Kaſ. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Jovy* Boy!
Come let's in, I pry'thee, and take our Whifs.
Lov. ~~With all my Heart~~, brother Boy. That Maſter
That had receiv'd ſuch Happineſs by a Servant,
In ſuch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall Strain
Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have outſtripp'd
An old Man's Gravity, or ſtrict Canon, think
What a young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch Age's Truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyſelf, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My Part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, ~~Dapper~~, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myſelf
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

THE END.

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A-D^{12}.

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